

A full-page photograph of tennis player Martina Navratilova in a celebratory pose. She is wearing a blue and white tennis shirt with a white collar and a white wristband on her left wrist. Her blonde hair is flying upwards, and she has a joyful expression. The background is a blurred crowd of spectators.

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 19, 1984 \$4.50

THE MIGHTY MARTINA

**Martina Navratilova:
U.S. Open Champion At Last**



The Marlboro Cup

THOROUGHBRED RACE OF THE YEAR

Saturday,
September 24th
at Belmont Park



Presented by Marlboro Cigarettes.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

WHAT THE PEOPLE AT THE TOP READ TO STAY THERE.

If you're looking to get ahead in business, you have to know what's going on in business.

And no publication gives you more business news, in more detail, every business day, than The Wall Street Journal.

As William Smithburg, a reader, puts it: "Reading business magazines



WILLIAM D. SMITHBURG,
PRESIDENT, QUAKER OATS COMPANY

once a week would do me as much good as eating breakfast once a week. And the quantity of business information other daily papers give me is a small portion by comparison.

"So every morning I read The Journal. That way, when I get my business information, I'm sure to get a full serving!"

SURVIVING IN TODAY'S BUSINESS CLIMATE.

Miss The Journal just one day and you may miss a fresh insight



JAMES E. CASEY,
PRESIDENT, THOR-BURKE, INC.

into a tough problem. A new business technique your company might profitably use. A handle on what the competition's up to. Listen to

James Casey: "I depend on the concise information and thorough background The Journal gives me every business day. The remarkably accurate economic forecasts that appear in The Journal make it the most important source I have for reading the future economic picture. I might easily wander into difficult terrain without The Journal to guide me."

GIVE YOURSELF AN EDGE.

The Wall Street Journal isn't just something you read. It's something you use.

Every business day, The Journal has stories, reports and features you'll find nowhere else—information that can help your company and your career.

Joseph Turley explains: "I make sure I get to work as early as The Journal does so I'll have time to read it before my first meeting. The Journal is the source of business information. Information I absolutely need to help me make decisions."



JOSEPH E. TURLEY,
PRESIDENT, THE GREIFELT COMPANY

"In my experience, it's by far the most quoted, remembered, and thoroughly used publication available."

TAKE A TIP FROM THE TOP. SUBSCRIBE NOW.

To have The Journal rushed to you every business day for six months (26 weeks) for only \$47—just 37¢ per day—just mail the coupon. Do it now.

And get all the business news you need—when you need it.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
Attn: Manager of Subscriber Service
200 Burnett Road, Chocoma, MA 01021

3LBW

- ☐ Please send me The Journal every business day for six months (26 weeks) for \$47.
☐ I prefer one year (52 weeks) for \$94.
☐ Check enclosed.
☐ Please charge my ☐ American Express, ☐ Diners Club, ☐ MC, or ☐ Visa. Card # _____ Expires _____

Signature _____

Name (Please Print) _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Please print name and address legibly.



It's Now

Consumer Price

Tax Return

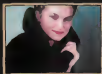
© 1982 Dow Jones & Company, Inc. All Rights Reserved

LEADING OFF



32

Aaron Pryor seemed more stunned by his handlers than by Alexis Arguello. Martina Navratilova scored a ringing victory in the U.S. Open and Bear Bryant's old team checked in with a win.



Success
is often measured
by how deeply
you're in the Black.

Johnnie Walker Black

17 YEARS OLD BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKY
IN A PROOF DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, LTD., N.Y.C. 10025

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



DR. Z: IF IT'S WORTH DOING, IT'S WORTH OVERDOING

Paul Zimmerman, the author of the story on the Philadelphia Eagles that begins on page 42, is in his fifth season as our NFL writer, and he remains obsessed by football—any kind of football. He owns two video recorders, to simultaneously tape the games from both NFL conferences each Sunday. He photocopies and memorizes the rosters of the teams playing in Saturday's televised college games. He's a Peewee League football fan. As for his assignments, Associate Writer Rick Telander once said, "Zim covers a football game as if everybody's life depended on it."

On a typical Dr. Z NFL Sunday, Zim rises at 7 a.m., has breakfast and scrounges up some clothes, going for "whatever's on the chair," which may be one of his favorite faded Hawaiian shirts from Pro Bowls past and baggy jeans. At about 8:30 he has his first anxiety attack of the day, a condition dating from November 1966, when he woke up in a sweat, having dreamed that he missed the kickoff of the Notre Dame-Michigan State game.

By 9, panic recurs—"I'm not normal," Zim says, "till I get to the stadium"—and at 10, unable to stand it, he drives to the stadium and checks the field and wind direction. Then the teams arrive. Next, Zim averages the heights, weights and experience of both squads. He reads his cigars. By noon his game face is officially on.

When it's time for the national anthem, Zim puts a watch on it, as he has for the past 20 years. A self-proclaimed numbers freak—he says it's 1,840 steps from the United gate to the terminal in the Honolulu airport—he likes his *Star-Spangled Banner* short and sweet. The fastest rendition he has clocked so far: 51 seconds by John Kiley, Fenway Park organist, Red Sox game, 1977; the slowest: 2:28, by Pearl Bailey, Yankee Stadium, World Series, 1978. (On Sunday, Phil Pepe of the *New York Daily News* wrote that rock singer Gary

Puckett had "labored through" the anthem, on a recent home stint at Yankee Stadium, in 2:34, "but Puckett's mark must be authenticated by official anthem timer Paul Zimmerman.")

At the kickoff, poised with three sets of charts, a slew of colored pens, three cigars and a towel around his neck—remember we're talking, obsessed—Zim gets down to business. He keeps a play-by-play diagram showing good blocks and tackles, a pass-frequency chart showing all eligible pass receivers and defenders plus a running stat chart, noting the number of yards each player has accumulated.

Afterward, his locker-room interviews complete and his story in, Zim heads home to study tapes of the day's other NFL games, keeping charts on all of them, too. He saves them all—Zim has charts going back to the Columbia-Penn game of 1947.

It does get absurd, as even Zim admits. "One game night Katie [his wife, a pediatrician, who's the real Dr. Z] and I had a big fight. During the time-outs, she said, 'There's more to life than football!' When we made up, she looked at me and said, 'My God, you didn't miss a play, did you?'" I said, "Nope."

Robert L. Miller

THERE ARE 2 KINDS OF ATHLETES. THOSE WHO THINK. AND THOSE WHO LOSE.

The inner game of tennis. The Zen of racquetball. The psych of softball. Not surprisingly, for more and more athletes, the concept of mind-over-matter isn't just the stuff of science fiction.

It can be the difference between winning and losing.

It is, in fact, remarkable what the mind can do. In its darkest recesses lies an uncanny ability for pushing the body to staggering levels of performance.

When a marathoner's body says no at 21 miles, it's the mind that gets him to 26.

When a player needs a perfect ace for match point, the mind can beam a tennis ball into its target with the accuracy of a cruise missile.

Increasingly, the ability to win or lose lies not merely in the ability to use one's body, but in the ability to use one's head.

Not only in the way you play. But in what you play in as well.

What you need is footwear that is well thought out. An intelligent synthesis of design and execution.

Such a shoe is Foot-Joy.

It is no small coincidence, for example, that our Pacifica tennis shoe exposes a dimension of comfort and support previously unknown to the game.

A dual density sole is largely responsible. A bottom layer of tougher polyurethane for durability, and an inner, much softer layer capable of soaking up inordinate amounts of shock.

Racquetball, unlike tennis, is a game of sudden and violent movement. Forward. Back. Side to side. Clearly, it does not take a degree in motion dynamics to see that support is paramount in a shoe.

In the Tuffs 3Q, a new three-quarter height surrounds the ankle at the most critical points for a level of support that approaches perfection.

This, while eliminating the excessive weight of a full height, above-the-ankle design. And if a shoe is lighter, it's simply that much more comfortable.

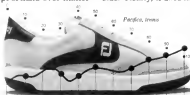
And though aerobic workouts may not be exactly competitive, there is no less a need for a thoughtfully designed shoe.

What this translates to is a shoe with the lightness, comfort and fit of Robiks. It would be difficult to conceive of any aerobic shoe that is further forward on the leading edge of footwear technology.

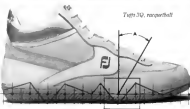
Nowhere, however, is the Foot-Joy concept of design intelligence more evident than in Sod Hogs softball shoes. With an all but indestructible rubber turf lug outsole and form fit support, it is a total departure from anything else in the game.

All of which leads us to a rather obvious corollary: the performance you get out of a shoe is not all in your head.

Foot-Joy. At your favorite sporting goods department or pro shop.



Tuffs 3Q, racquetball



Robiks, aerobic and fitness



Sod Hogs, softball



Foot-Joy
ATHLETICS & SPORTS MANAGEMENT

SHOES FOR ATHLETES WHO THINK.

"STRESS BURNOUT?"

Find out if you have it,
why you have it,
and how to combat it.

Think a moment. Do you know the true meaning of the word "stress"? Most people think of stress only in emotional terms. But in fact, stress has powerful physical effects as well. As such, it bears directly on good physical health and well-being.

"Stress Burnout" occurs when, as a result of physical stress or lack of proper nutrition, your body does not get the vitamins it needs.

To determine if you're heading for "Stress Burnout," it is first necessary to understand physical stress itself. Then, the vital role nutrition plays as a weapon against it. And, finally, certain critical "Stress Burnout" factors we'll discuss later.

"Stress Burnout" Explained. In a sense, everything we do—just being alive—is stressful. But the level and kind of stress—and its demands on our bodies—varies widely with individual activities and life-styles. From a physical standpoint, running in a marathon might seem more stressful than running for a bus. But how the stress event affects you depends a lot on how well you handle it. Because the more stress you're under, the more demands you make on your body. If your nutrition is not adequate, "Stress Burnout" can be a result.

To help meet the challenges of "Stress Burnout," a higher nutritional potency has been built into Beminal Stress Plus® vitamins. In fact, Beminal Stress Plus vitamins have 17% more vitamin C, 66% more vitamin B₁ and 100% more vitamin B₁₂ than the well-known Stress-tabs® 600 with Iron.

How old are you? Nobody is immune. Because "Stress Burnout" can affect your health whether you're 18 or 65. Young adults engage in a variety of activities—many that affect their physical well-being. The daily physical demands made on parents are no less significant. And the overall well-being of older people could be jeopardized due to decreased levels of food intake and activity. That is why Beminal Stress Plus concentrates heavily on the B vitamin group. To provide the necessary nutritional protection—whether you're 18 or 65.

"Stress Burnout"—do you have it?

From the instances given, you can begin answering the question yourself. For example, the physical drain on a football player might make him seem a more likely candidate for "Stress Burnout" than a librarian. But a librarian might exercise regularly after

work, for example, not realizing the added activity may increase the need for vitamins and minerals. So both the football player and librarian are subject to varying degrees of physical stress. And both could suffer from "Stress Burnout."

In addition to simple physical activity, other important factors can dramatically affect the needs of a football player, a librarian—or you. Factors studied closely in the formulation of Beminal Stress Plus vitamins. A formulation distinguished by more nutritional strength—Burnout Strength—in the areas mentioned than Stress-tabs.

The hidden effects of smoking, drinking and dieting. Every time you relax with a cigarette or a drink, you're actually increasing the risk of "Stress Burnout." Because smoking and drinking are "stress events" that increase your need for vitamin intake. Compared to Stress-tabs, Beminal Stress Plus contains higher dosages of vitamins C, B₁ and B₁₂—important in vitamin restoration following even moderate tobacco and alcohol use when combined with inadequate nutrition.

Similarly, when you diet, you stand to lose more than just weight. Namely, valuable nutrients your body needs to maintain health. A vitamin supplement such as Beminal Stress Plus supplies the necessary nutrients you may not be getting while dieting.

Still other stress factors affecting the nutrition of millions of people include infections and long- and short-term illnesses. Each can contribute heavily to stress—and "Stress Burnout."

Stress Management. One day at a time.

Add it up. Are you heading for "Stress Burnout"? Do you think you might be?

Consider Beminal Stress Plus. Beminal Stress Plus vitamins are a protective step you can take to fight the nutritional risks that may lead to "Stress Burnout." A step you can take to start each day.

To get ahead of "Stress Burnout" before it gets to you.



BOOKTALK

by ROBERT F. JONES

BANG, BANG, YOU'RE RED! SURVIVAL IS THE NAME OF THIS COLORFUL NEW GAME

The Battle of Hennifer isn't in the history books—yet. It was fought on a sparkling June day in 1981 through the woods and fens of south-central New Hampshire, and even as the Crimea produced its legendary Light Brigade, World War I its Old Contemptibles and The Bulge its Battered Bastards of Bastogne, so, too, did Hennifer create a neomythic corps of veterans: the Paint-Stained Wreches of the First Survival Game (54, Oct. 19, 1981).

As one of those crusty vets (my camouflage suit still bears an ineradicable white paint blotch where I was zapped by the Death Doctor), I was eager to read *The Official Survival Game Manual* (Pocket Books, \$6.95), which offers not only a historical perspective on the Hennifer hostilities but an update on the Game itself: its rapid growth, improvements in weaponry, refinements of tactics, even a sprinkling of psychobabble as to what it all signifies. Written by Paint-Stained Wretch Lionel Atwill, the book captures the tongue-in-cheek humor of the Game—an elaborated, rifle-running adult version of Capture the Flag with elements of hide-and-seek, cowboys and Indians and plain old-fashioned tag thrown in for good measure—with this reply to those soberbirds who wonder if it isn't a bit childish: "Silly, you bombastic booby, what could be silly about running around the woods shooting at people with paint pellets while screaming dialogue from a comic book—Powe, aughbrgh, splat! Of course it's silly!"

Since its inception two years ago, the Game has spread across the country, its popularity fanned by network-television notice (a network has expressed interest in covering a national championship shootout this fall) and articles in publications as diverse as *Outside Magazine* and *The Wall Street Journal*. Already, 106 authorized Survival Game dealers in 45 states and Canada are catering to camo-clad pariahs—offering equipment rentals and playing fields at an average of \$12.50 a head—and Bob Gurney, a co-founder of the sport along with writer

continued

"The new Minolta Talker actually talks you into great pictures!"

It's simply unbelievable.

The new Talker from Minolta comes right out and tells you, "Load film," when the camera's empty. Or, when the light's too dim, it says, "Too dark, use flash." Or when you're out of flash range, "Check distance."

Amazing!

The new Talker from Minolta is a totally automatic 35mm camera that just won't let you make a mistake.

It automatically loads the film and sets it for the first shot. After each shot, it automatically advances the film to the next shot. When you come to the end of the roll, it automatically re-winds.

It automatically focuses the lens by infrared beam. Even in the dark, you get laser sharp pictures at distances from 33 inches to infinity.

Perfect for snapshots, portraits and scenery, it produces a professional-size negative that gives

clear, sharp blow-ups.

It has a built-in flash with an exclusive energy saver.

And it accepts the new high-speed ISO 1000 films for sharper outdoor action shots and more indoor shots without flash.

It even gives you a one-year Minolta U.S.A. limited warranty.

Talk to one soon. At your Minolta dealer.

U.S.A. limited warranty registration card is packaged with product. For more information on the Talker, write Minolta Corp., Dept. T, 100 Westmore Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada, Minolta Canada, Inc., Mississauga, Ontario, Canada L4W 1A4.

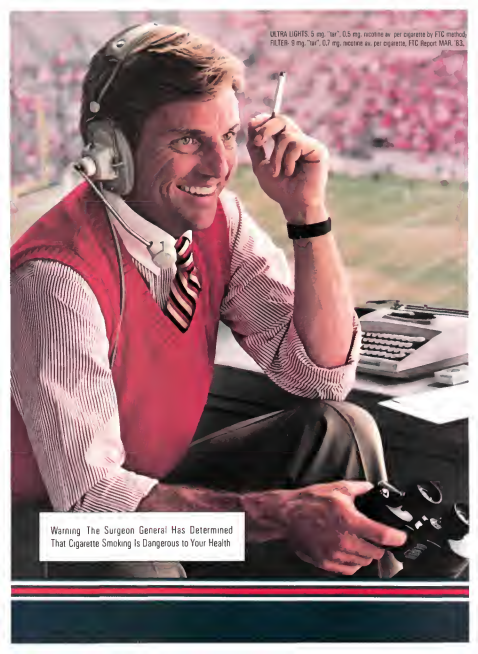
LOAD FILM!

TOO DARK,
USE FLASH!

CHECK
DISTANCE!

NEW TALKER

ONLY FROM THE MIND OF MINOLTA

A man with short brown hair, wearing a large over-ear headset with a microphone, is smiling broadly. He is dressed in a red V-neck sweater over a light-colored, vertically striped long-sleeved shirt and a striped tie. He holds a lit cigarette in his right hand, which also wears a black wristband. His left hand is on a black telephone receiver. He is seated at a desk with a vintage typewriter and some papers. The background is a blurred image of a large stadium filled with spectators.

ULTRA LIGHTS, 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
FILTER- 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '83.

Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Knowing the score.

When you tell someone what you do for a living, you always get a kick out of what they say. "You get paid for that?" What they don't know is that making it look so easy is what makes it hard. But you love covering sports so much, you'd never call it work.

You're tasting success and it sure tastes good.

VANTAGE.
THE TASTE OF SUCCESS.



The Crown Jewel of England.



100% Grain Neutral Spirits

BOOKTALK *continued*

Charles Gaines and New York stockbroker Hayes Noel, estimates that by the end of the year some 10,000 players a week will be gunning for one another on 150 fields coast to coast.

That famous First Game at Henniker was primitive compared to today's level of play. A dozen of us scouted around 125 acres of boulder-studded woods, trying to capture flags from four stations and avoid being shot by our playmates (while shooting as many of them as possible en route). The Nel-Spot 007 handguns we were issued, powered by 750-psi carbon dioxide cylinders, were woefully inaccurate. The .68-caliber paise pellets often refused to burst, even with a hit on a kneecap. Reloading was slow and frequently resulted in a ruptured pellet. We lost our spare ammo, stupidly expended the full charge of our CO₂ capsules in a single whoosh, got lost right and left, stumbled into potent ambushes—and had a whole of a good time. Today, the new point pellets burst much more readily; the point itself is water-based and soluble; extended, three-inch bolt knobs and forward magazine plugs facilitate firing and reloading; and anyone who reads Atwill's book will learn Game tactics from ambush to zap.

Today's Game comes in a variety of flavors: the Individual Game, as pioneered at Henniker; a Team Game (the most popular brand) in which two squads of anywhere from six to 25 players each try to capture each other's flag and return unhurt to home base; and such subgenres as Quick Draw, Duels, Shoot-Out (a mass duel at the end of a Team Game that expends all the remaining ammo) and Secret Agent, a Team variant in which the judges covertly inform one team member that he's actually on the other side and that he can reveal his true allegiance anytime after the first 10 minutes of play. Atwill fantasizes about such future mutations as Survival Game Pirates (played on boats at sea), Air Ace (using small aircraft) and even Urban Survival (in abandoned buildings).

To the gloomsters and pop-psych critics who decry the Game as "a sign of these troubled times," Atwill points out that in more than two years of play "there has not been one reported incident of violence. That is the telling point, for unlike most games, the Survival Game purges rather than feeds aggression in players. . . . A sign of the times? Not all that bad, I say."

ENJOY



Build Up, Slim Down, or Both

With The Lean Machine™ the options are all yours. Wrist-curl 20 pounds or leg-curl 250—you can do any of 45 exercises in the privacy of your own home, at your own pace, at your own convenience—night or day, summer or winter, rain or shine.

The Lean Machine is sturdy, compact, and infinitely adjustable. It's the ultimate fitness system. We'd be proud to send you a free brochure that will answer all your questions.

Call Toll Free: 1-800-621-1203
(In Illinois 1-800-821-7143)

THE LEAN MACHINE™

Inertia Dynamics Corp. 3550 N. Central Ave. Phoenix, AZ 85012



GREAT FRENCH COVER-UPS.

Get more fun out of life. Send \$1 for catalogue featuring our colorful collection of Cover-Ups for the whole family, whatever your sport. Special introductory offer included. Write to: K-Way Dept. I, 1 Mill Street, Burlington, VT. 05401.

REGISTERED TRADEMARK © 1982 K-WAY, INC. U.S.A. PHOTOGRAPH BY JIMMY HARRIS

PERSPECTIVE

by RON GREEN

VIDEO REPLAY MAY IMPROVE YOUR GOLF GAME—OR YOUR CAGNEY IMPRESSION

When I get into my car, an alarm goes "bong, bong, bong" to remind me that I haven't fastened my seat belt. When I fly on a commercial airliner, a person checks a computer to tell me which seat to take once I'm on the plane. And the plane itself is capable of taking off, flying to its destination and landing, all on computer command, I'm told.

I know all about the addiction of youngsters to computer video games. At airports, terminal doors slide open automatically without being touched. You don't even need a gun to rob a bank anymore. The job is already being done by computer.

The computer age makes me uneasy. I've never won a serious argument with a zipper, much less an electronic gadget. But whenever I felt threatened, I could escape to the golf course.

Except for arranging starting times at large resorts, and, of course, the ringing of cash registers and the operation of golf carts, golf has been spared the onslaught of electronics.

Until now, that is. Any day now, thanks to Burlington, Inc. of Elkhart, Ind., it's going to be possible to rent a Video Caddy, a videotape recorder attached to a golf cart that will film your shots during a round and allow you to see an instant replay on a 7½-inch color screen right there in the cart. It's already available for purchase by anyone with \$2,350.

I maintain it's the worst idea since the invention of the triple bogey.

It already takes about five hours to play a round on a busy day. With the introduction of the Video Caddy, we're talking about a move into prime time since rounds will probably last well into the evening hours.

I can see it now. Ol' Wally's going to focus his videotape recorder on his ball, get set to hit and think, "I wonder if my hair's combed."

While he's trying to hit, the other members of his foursome will be standing behind him, waving at the camera. You know they will. Television has demonstrated that there's not one in a thousand Americans who can resist waving at a

continued

**TURA INTRODUCES
FACETED FOR MEN**

For every man who wears glasses. Hand-beveled lenses suspended in a rimless frame, accented with enamel. From the Tura collection. Wherever fine eyewear is available.

Tura

TURA MODEL 100 ARKLEZOR

TURA MODEL 100 TRAPLEZOR

Sony Tape. The Perfect Blank.



Bring home a Sony Audio or Video Tape and what do you get? The perfect blank.

Electronically designed to capture more sound than you can hear, more color than you can see.



SONY.

© 1988 Sony Electronics Inc. All rights reserved. Sony, the Sony logo, and "The Perfect Blank" are registered trademarks of Sony Electronics Inc. in the U.S. and other countries.



IMITATIONS
MAY FOOL
YOUR
EYE.
BUT THEY
CAN'T FOOL
YOUR
FEET.

**ALLEN
EDMONDS**

The Handcrafted World of Men's Footwear

Write or call
for a free catalog
Allen-Edmonds Shoe Corp.
Belgium, Wisconsin 53004
1-800-558-8653, Telex 26-0028

PERSPECTIVE continued

live camera. If there's an ounce of ham in of' Wally, which there is in most of us, sooner or later he's going to be standing there over a shot, a smile is going to creep across his face, and he's going to drop his club, start humming *Me and My Shadow* and go into a soft shoe right there on the tee. Then one of his partners will burge in front of him and start doing Cagney or Bogart ("Play the front nine again, Sam") and then sing *My Way* with a big finish that can be heard all the way to the clubhouse. Keep in mind that the Video Caddy also records sound.

Wally will hit a shot that looks like a rat running an out pattern, and he'll race over to the cart to watch the replay. He'll say, "What was wrong with that swing?" and somebody in his group, looking over his shoulder at the screen, will say, "It looked like Phyllis Diller falling down the stairs. But you had good extension."

Think of what will happen when of' Wally takes his wife, Gladys, out to play and brings along the video:

GLADYS: Now don't point the camera at my bad side.

WALLY: Which side is that?

GLADYS (*she swings, hits a worm-burner about 35 yards*): What did I do wrong?

WALLY: You mean other than the fact that you wore high heels so your legs wouldn't look pudgy? Well, let's look at the replay.

GLADYS: Oh, I didn't know you could get *General Hospital* on this thing.

WALLY: That ain't *General Hospital*. That's us arguing.

GLADYS: Oh, what's that? It looks like an EKG.

WALLY: That's your backswing. Now, you tape me hitting and we'll study my form. I'll show you how it's done and it'll be right there on tape for you to study, a truly classical swing in the mold of Johnny Miller hitting to the 18th at Oakmont.

WALLY (*he swings and flushes a covey of quail*): Now, how does that look on the screen?

GLADYS: I'd say it was more in the mold of Rick James getting down on *Super Freak*. No, actually it looked more like a wreck scene on *CHiPs*.

WALLY: How'd you like to play the title role in a videotaped movie called *Murdered With a Pitching Wedge*?

GLADYS: Honey, you know you're not worth a darn with a pitching wedge. You think we could pick up *Days of Our Lives* on that thing?

2100

[illegible]

Powerful computers are harnessed for repetitive multistep operations to do more jobs in less time. And it's loaded with other talents too:

- Chances are, the Ektoprint 200 copier can improve productivity in your high-volume job stream.

multistep
coded with
sheet



200

©Continental-Gessner 1983



New Kodak Ektaprint 200 copier-duplicator

Eisenberg-Kratnik Company, 908.

INNOVATION AT WORK



THE AMAZING MID-ENGINE FIERO IS HERE!

Fiero is all-new, from its innovative design to the way it's built.

Fiero is America's first and only mid-engine production car. It cuts cleanly through the wind with an aerodynamically-crafted body. It handles curve and straightaway alike with enthusiasm. Indeed, you'll find yourself taking the long way home every day.

Fiero begins as a rigid steel space frame that's strong, yet lightweight. And it's equipped for the business of serious driving. With rack and pinion steering. A fully independent

suspension. Four-wheel disc brakes. And a gutsy 2.5 liter, 4-cylinder engine with electronic fuel injection.

Even Fiero's beautiful body is different. Mode of Enduraflex™ it "gives" on minor impacts and will never rust.

Fiero means literally the proud one. And we're proud of Fiero. The way it's built, the way it works and the way it helps you live within your budget.*

The extraordinary new Pontiac Fiero. Like no other car in the world. And the only place in the world you can get one is at your Pontiac dealer.

PONTIAC  **WE BUILD EXCITEMENT**



*Pontiac Fiero Sport Coupe with available automatic transmission offers an EPA EST. MPG of 27 and a highway estimate of 40. Use estimated MPG for comparisons. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Some Pontiacs are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide. See your Pontiac dealer for details.



CAMEL

LIGHTS



Camel Lights.
Low tar. Camel taste.

9 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

HAND-BALL CALL

Perhaps you noticed Pat McSorley, a pee-wee soccer player from Virginia Beach, Va., when SI's **FACES IN THE CROWD** cited him two years ago for his Chinaglow goal-scoring ability. A New York ad agency did, and this year decided he was just the kid to cast in a TV commercial for Tropicana orange juice. Pat, 9, would be shown deftly controlling a soccer ball and then, upon identifying himself, would join Bruce Jenner in a pitch for the OJ. Pat's mother, Jeanne, made plans to accompany him to Los Angeles for the late-summer shoot; his father, Bill, a naval officer, is on a seven-month cruise.

Then came the days without sunshine. Anthony Shor, a vice-president with MCA, Tropicana's ad agency, phoned Mrs. McSorley on Aug. 16 to offer an increase in the standard talent rate (\$300 a day plus residuals) he'd promised Pat, because, as Jeanne quotes Shor, "there'd be a risk to his amateur status involved." He also said he'd do anything he could to satisfy the NCAA.

Curious, Jeanne phoned the NCAA, which confirmed her fears that Pat wouldn't be able to play college soccer if he were paid for appearing in the ad. According to the NCAA's John Leavens, you forfeit amateur standing in a sport the moment you display the skills of that sport for compensation. It didn't matter that Pat was nine. "It's a cradle-to-grave situation," Leavens says. Pat could pass up the money and his status would go unaffected, provided the ad was no longer running when he entered college. But the plane ticket to L.A. alone would constitute payment.

So Pat didn't go. "He helped decide it wasn't worth the risk," says Jeanne. "He was less disappointed than I thought he would be." In fact, last Sunday he was busy scoring two goals, including one with :05 left that gave Virginia Beach's select youth team a 3-3 tie with Hampton.

Mrs. McSorley feels the NCAA is lax about publicizing its rules, rules that have no provisions to redress damage to a youngster's amateur status done by greedy moms and dads who might have exploited their athletically talented offspring. Better still, why doesn't the

NCAA, which has enough trouble regulating its member institutions, simply give up jurisdiction and leave elementary school student-athletes to the lunchtime monitors—and their parents? Given the current rules, Pat is lucky that his mother acted so responsibly.

WRONGED NUMBER

Still smarting from its 25-20 loss to Cal last fall on The (Five-Lateral) Play in The Big Game, the Stanford athletic department placed an order with Pacific Telephone for the toll-free number 800-BEATCAL. But the Cardinal didn't count on the order being taken by a Cal alum, who promptly called the folks in Berkeley, who just as promptly ordered a number of their own: 800-GOBEARS.

HOW'RE THEY SPININ'?

The movement to save the imperiled striped bass (**SCORECARD**, Aug. 22) received a perverse boost on Sept. 6 when Rhode Island's Marine Fisheries Council banned the taking or possession of the fish in that state for one year. There has been pressure on the East Coast to raise the legal size limit from 16 inches to 24 to protect the striper, whose numbers have dwindled perilously in its Chesapeake Bay spawning grounds and along migratory routes. But the Rhode Island council, which is dominated by the interests of commercial trap-net fishermen afraid that so drastic an increase would threaten their livelihood, had resisted any change, though Massachusetts and Connecticut had raised their minimums. The council finally acted, but only after Rhode Island's conflict-of-interest commission had admonished two of the trap-net representatives to keep their vote from smelling fishy. Faced with that warning—and the alternative of giving up the right to catch and sell the lucrative smaller fish—the council voted 4-3 to keep anyone from catching any bass.

Reaction was swift and strident. The *Boston Globe*, in an editorial entitled "Captains Outrageous," likened the trapped reps to "petulant children who flounce off with the marbles when the game isn't going their way." The *Providence Journal* feared for the Ocean

State's reputation as a sport-fishing paradise. Meanwhile, Rhode Island Governor J. Joseph Garrahy, concerned with the measure, has called for the council to reconvene and reconsider its decision before Jan. 1, when the ban is to take effect. But even if the order is rescinded, the council's rash action has already polarized recreational fishermen against their commercial brethren and trivialized what should be serious concern for balancing the interests of sport, the striper and the industry.

SHE MISSED THE CALL

To herald the birth of their daughter Karla Lee, Henry DeVries, a San Diego public relations man, and his wife, Vikki, sent out announcements with a horse-racing theme. Karla was identified as the



entry of "DeVries Stables," the "gost time" was given as 12:51 a.m. on Aug. 10, and Mom and Dad were referred to as jockey and trainer, respectively. All very cute, but also rather puzzling to a friend of Karla's paternal grandmother. After receiving the announcement, she called to express surprise that Henry and Vikki had bought a racehorse.

NO BUCKS IN THAT BROWO

Normally, Bill Braman wouldn't be caught dead with a bumper sticker on his car, a Celica he calls Red. "Bumper stickers are too tacky," he says. But Braman, 31, operations manager for a Denver

continued

The Right Stuff Collection.



Gen. Chuck Yeager (USAF Ret.),
one of America's greatest test pilots, active consultant to
the Air Force, NASA and major aircraft manufacturers.

**AC-Delco gives you
the right gear while your car
gets the right parts.**

The right battery. The right filters. The right plugs. For just about anything that moves, AC-Delco has the right part. And now, when you buy any AC-Delco part, you can get a terrific deal on "The Right Stuff Collection."

Right out of the pages of World War II. There's never been a collection like it before. And for a very good reason. Test pilot Chuck Yeager — who was a decorated World War II fighter pilot before he broke the sound barrier in the X-1 rocket plane — helped put it all together.

The collection features authentic World War II design, and everything is of high quality. And as an added touch, each item bears our exclusive

X-1 emblem — embroidered on the clothing, stenciled on the sunglasses case The X-1 emblem will be a sure sign to everyone that you know what's "the right stuff."



(A) **Pilot's A-2 Leather Jacket.** Identical to original in all details. Oil-tanned naked calfskin leathers. Lining: 65/35 polyacetic blend. Knit trim of nylon acrylic blend for durability.

(B) Pilot's Coverall. 50/50 cotton polyester. Updated with front zipper and VELCRO® closures on all pockets and waist. Chest pen slot in breast pocket.

(C) Tank Commander's Jacket. Warm, lightweight Shell 66/35 polycoction military twill Lining melton wool Brass zipper Knot trim of nylon acrylic blend for durability

(D) Flight Vest.
Shell: military
specification nylon flight suit
lining: survival orange nylon
Epaulements: Cigarette/pen
pocket. Knit trim is nylon
acrylic blend for durability.

(E) Aviator Sunglasses.
Bausch & Lomb Mirage Gradient lens
Nonreflective matte finish
frames Case included



**Purchase of any AC-Delco product
qualifies you for this offer.
Include proof of purchase with order**

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

	Price	Qty	Size	Total
(A) Pilot's A-2 Teacher Jacket - Runs 36-38 40 42 44 46 48 50	\$125.00			
(B) Pilot's Coverall	\$44.00			
(C) Tactic Commander's Jacket	\$58.00			
(D) Flight Vest	\$38.00			
(E) Aviator Bootlaces	\$20.00			

*SIZES S M L XL

All sizes are men's sizes Subtotal _____

4% Michigan Sales Tax

(Michigan residents only) _____

(Price includes shipping UPS)

Grand Total _____

☐ Charge it. Please charge to my credit card acct.[illegible]

☐ BankAmericard/VISA.[®] ☐ MasterCard.[®]

() American Express® Exp Date _____

Signature _____

Offer good through 3/31/84 or while supplies

last. Void where prohibited by law Offer valid

in U.S.A. only Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery

Check or money order only — no cash. Make

payable to — and send to — THE RIGHT

STUFF, MICHIGAN MAILERS, 222 South Elm.

Chwaseo, MI 48867

AC-Delco. The smart parts.



GENERAL DISCUSSION

Don't miss the Ladd Company movie "The Right Stuff."

closet manufacturer, didn't figure on so many people in the Mile High City apparently feeling exactly the same way. And now he'd do well to ask his employer for a good deal on a closet—one big enough to store exactly 2,492 orange-and-black START ELWAY bumper stickers that he's stuck with.

Braman's rear-end collision with the law of supply and demand began shortly after John Elway's triumphant off-the-bench debut in the Broncos' preseason opener against Seattle on Aug. 5. Braman phoned a local printer with his idea to put on the backs of cars what was on the tips of Denverites' tongues. "He started jumping up and down on the other end of the line," Braman says. "I decided to go for it."

But he knew not what he'd gone for. Braman anted up \$700 for 2,500 stickers, hoping to sell them for \$1 each. He considered putting in an application for a vendor's license, only to discover it would take days to process, by which time Elway could already be first-string. So, with three licensed hawkers hired and ready to take a big cut of potential profits, Braman unveiled his wares at the Broncos' Aug. 20 preseason game with Cleveland. "People walked past and saw the stickers and said, 'Yeah, great idea, start Elway,'" he says. "But no one bought them."

Actually, eight people did. The next day Braman took the rest of the inventory to a flea market, slashed his price to 50 cents—and sold no stickers. When a policeman asked to see tax forms, which Braman couldn't produce, the officer re-evaluated Braman's stock, took pity on him and walked away. The next morning Bronco Coach Dan Reeves named Elway as his starting quarterback.

"I started Elway and I got sacked," says Braman. "I got hit with the \$700 loss." Even Elway's recent misfortunes—he played poorly before suffering injuries in his first two regular season games and had to give way to erstwhile starter Steve DeBerg—haven't convinced Braman that his idea deserves another chance to pan out. "I just moved into a new apartment," he says. "I think I'll wallpaper my bathroom."

DEBT AMORTIZATION, PHILLY STYLE

After failing to win an expected NBA championship in the 1976-77 season, the Philadelphia 76ers adopted the slogan

"We Owe You One." These instantly famous words brought the Sixers a lot of ridicule when they went on to endure five more title-less campaigns. But now, after the team's all-conquering '82-83 season, Philly fans in considerable numbers are displaying a poster indicating that such derision is a thing of the past. The poster shows Moses Malone and Julius Erving and bears the inscription PAID IN FULL.



Detroit Tigers Pitcher Jack Morris has been scaring the real-estate listings for some time, now that he has a \$3.2 million contract, not to mention a wife and two kids. But when a real-estate broker recently escorted him through prospective digs in one of suburban Motown's inner neighborhoods, Morris balked upon spotting a picture of Carl Yastrzemski on a wall. "I could never live here," he said. "I'd have nightmares."

RICH WOMAN, POOR WOMAN

Merrilee Rich said she was a believer in miracles when KABC, Los Angeles' No. 1 radio station, announced last spring that she had won its fiercely promoted SportsTalk Talent Search (5L April 25). The 38-year-old New Yorker, who used to sing the National Anthem before Knicks and Rangers games at Madison Square Garden, was selected from more than 1,800 applicants to become a commentator on KABC's three-hour, afternoon call-in sports talk show. But the miracle has hardly materialized. On May 5, just four weeks after Rich was hired, KABC General Manager George Green fired her, citing "philosophical differences." She, in turn, has sued

the station, asking \$10,000 for breach of contract and another \$10,000 in damages.

Rich recently told SL's Armen Kehtanian that Green felt threatened by a "savvy, sophisticated New York woman" and that her firing stemmed from her refusal to act as a flack for the Dodgers, whose games KABC broadcasts. She also said Green didn't take her role as a sports commentator or her professional ambitions seriously, and KABC management "resented the fact that I... resisted becoming a member of their family."

Green, in effect, agrees. "The fact is, she wasn't a very nice person around the station," he says. "She didn't fit into the team." He says she offended management with, among other things, "an abrasive, self-centered attitude."

Enter Rich's replacement, Lisa Bowman, 30, a former actress and dancer who was the contest runner-up. She is, according to Green, "a team player." Bowman's current duties as SportsTalk's \$25,000-a-year distaff voice include emceeing a baseball joke contest in which winners read their funnies over the air.

The Talent Search may have been a publicly gummy gone sour, but SportsTalk's ratings jumped dramatically during Rich's month on the job, and they're continuing apace under Bowman. In the meantime, Rich, so set on serious broadcasting, is eyeing TV. "Please, God," she says, "I hope something happens."

THEY SAID IT

- USC basketball player Cheryl Miller, on why she didn't worry about drug tests at the Pan Am Games: "I don't use steroids. I don't want to wake up some morning with a beard."
- Rangers Outfielder Mickey Rivers, after hearing Paul Mirabella, a former teammate, extol the virtues of being traded to the Orioles' organization: "I've got to get me one of them transactions."
- Rangers Pitcher John Butcher, after a one-bitter: "I threw about 90 percent fastballs and sliders, 50 percent fastballs, 50 percent sliders... wait, I'm starting to sound like Mickey Rivers."
- Kansas State Quarterback Doug Bogue, on why he changed his major from veterinary medicine to petroleum geology: "I didn't want any telephone calls at 4 a.m. from people saying, 'Tiff is throwing up.'"

END

Natural Light invites you to run your way to the 1984 Olympics.

Help Natural Light raise money to support the U.S. Olympic team
and win a trip to the Los Angeles 1984 Olympic Games.

The countdown to the 1984 Olympics has begun and Natural Light beer is continuing its "Run Your Way to the Olympics" program to raise funds for the 1984 U.S. Olympic Team.

You can help our Olympic Team to be competitive. Set a reasonable running mileage goal for October. Seek pledges for each mile you run that month and run as much as you can. Then, collect the pledges to help the U.S. Olympic Team. Yours could be a prize winning effort.

The runner collecting the most money will win—**GRAND PRIZE:** A trip for two to attend the Los Angeles 1984 Olympics, including roundtrip airfare and hotel for three days and two nights.

Other prizes you can win are:

For collecting \$500 or more—An official USA warm-up suit.

For collecting \$350 to \$499—A Natural Light Olympic nylon-satin award jacket.

For collecting \$250 to \$349—A set of 4 Natural Light Olympic glass mugs.

For collecting \$100 to \$249—A Natural Light Olympic serving tray.

Register now by sending in \$5.00 (to help cover mailing and handling). We'll send you the official "I'm Running for USA" T-shirt and complete program details.

With your help, America's team will be the best ever! All of our Olympic athletes thank you for your support.

State Legal Restrictions:
The awarding of prizes is illegal in Pennsylvania and Texas.
Please participate anyway to help the U.S. Olympic Team. New Hampshire residents must be of legal drinking age.



I'm Running For
USA

Los Angeles 1984 Olympics



Entry Form

Name

Address

City State Zip

Shirt size (circle 1) S, M, L, XL

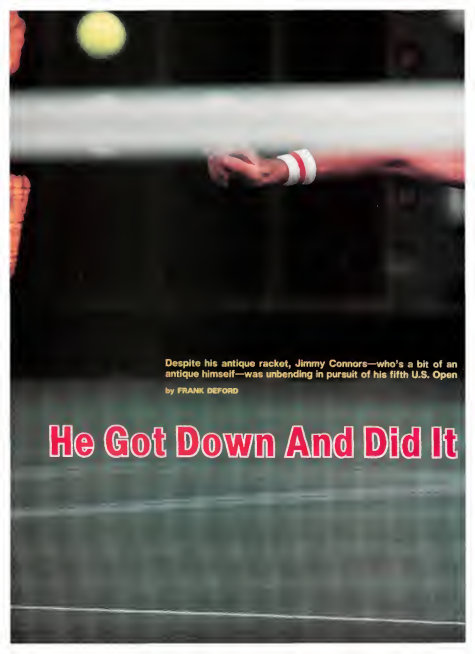
Include \$5.00 for mailing and handling and please make check payable to: NATURAL LIGHT OLYMPIC RUN

Mail to: Natural Light Olympic Run

P.O. Box 8797

St. Louis, MO 63102 Please allow 7-10 weeks for delivery.

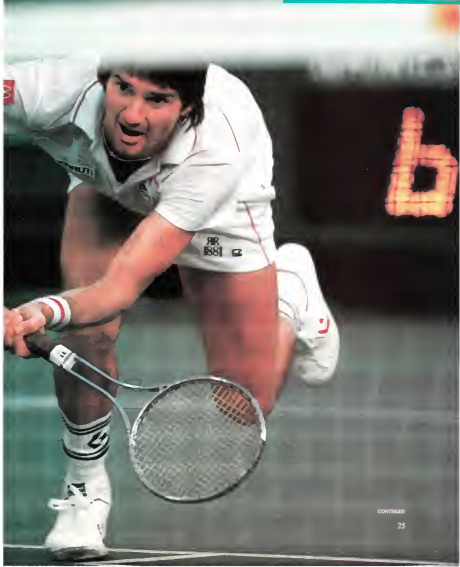
Advertiser: Quaker, Inc. St. Louis, MO

A black and white photograph of tennis player Jimmy Connors in action. He is captured mid-swing, hitting a backhand shot. His right arm is extended forward, holding the racket, and a white wristband with a red stripe is visible. A yellow tennis ball is in the upper left corner, slightly out of focus. The background is dark and blurred, showing the structure of a tennis stadium.

Despite his antique racket, Jimmy Connors—who's a bit of an antique himself—was unbending in pursuit of his fifth U.S. Open

by FRANK DEFORD

He Got Down And Did It



CONTINUED

A part from the death threat, the diarrhea, the foot you hurt and the 107 heat you had to play in, how did you like your trip to New York, Mr. Connors?

"You got the airplanes flying over, and you got 20,000 people crowded in here animalistic style," said Jimbo one day, "but I happen to like that."

Never, it seems, has a tournament been so right for a player as the U.S. Open is for Jimmy Connors. And when he won his fifth one on Sunday, it was all the more appropriate that Flushing Meadow should turn out to be his 100th tournament title. No other pro has ever achieved triple figures. Last week also marked the first time Connors had won back-to-back Opens and the first time he'd won a Grand Slam title in an odd-numbered year. In the championship match Jimbo defeated Ivan Lendl 6-3, 6-7, 7-5. Lendl checked out early and was billed 6-0 for a fourth set.

Connors' victory wasn't pretty, but that was hardly his fault. Besides, seldom anymore does he win on looks. He's like his homely old racket, which he terms an "obsolete antique" and which literally doesn't exist anymore in the public domain. It's a little metal colander that Wilson stopped making years ago because nobody could play with it except one obsolete antique of a player. In his bag, as a spare, Connors still carries the racket he used to win Wimbledon and Forest Hills in '74, which is a little like Babe Ruth hauling around the bat he used to hit his 60th home run just in case he needed it to hit fungoes.

After '74, that wondrous year in which Connors won three legs of the Slam—and would surely have steamrolled the French, too, had the game's majordomos not locked him out—Arthur Ashe whipped him in the famous Upset of '75. Then Bjorn Borg was invented, and for the next seven years, during what should have been the heart of his career, Connors won only two Grand Slam events. Now, past his prime, he has, on guts and steel, suddenly upped and won three more major championships in barely more than a year.

At the 1983 Open, Jimbo had an easier time in the finals than in '82, when Lendl



In the final, Connors battled not only Lendl but also diarrhea and a painful foot injury.

also was his victim. On that occasion Lendl only snuck into the match for a while after losing the first two sets. This time they split the first two sets, and Lendl went up a break in the third and appeared to be in command.

Lendl remains an enigma. He's perceived—unfairly, his friends say—as being humorless, but without question, at 23, he's more independent and mature than most of his colleagues. He has, since age 18, made his way through the West, dealing in strange languages and customs while fighting retrograde actions by the bureaucracy in his native Czechoslovakia. He's never cheered, is forever the road team. He hasn't set foot in his homeland for a year and a half, most of that time being spent in the States. The other

day he agreed that the few glimmers of ease and wit he displays are the result of a certain Americanization of Ivan.

Against Connors, Lendl glued himself to the baseline, determined at all costs to win from there. However much this strategy might have been disputed, it was working. His big straight-up serve, reminding oldtimers of Ellsworth Vines—with a forehand to match—moved him ahead, even though Connors had shown a capacity to break down Lendl's backhand with pressing approach shots.

Connors did make a number of scattershot errors in the process, but then, that's his gambling style. Furthermore, he was more troubled by a painful bone spur on his right little toe than he let on publicly. It hurt to play. To boot, he had

the trots going in and even had to rush to the head late in the second set. (One such trip for extenuating circumstances is permitted.) So it was, at a set apiece, that Connors and Lendl came to the 10th game of the third set, with Lendl serving at 5-4. He saved a break point and reached set point with a sharp forehand. Then he missed his first serve and tossed the ball up for his second. . . .

The temperature on court was better than 100° on this final day. In fact, the Open had been played in a relentless tropic heat right from the start, when the tournament had begun with a natural clash between Mr. First Day, Trey Waltke, who had wowed the opening Wimbledon crowds by appearing in long flannel trousers, and Mr. Worst Day, John McEnroe, the top seed, who customarily makes an inaugural ass of himself. Not wanting to disappoint the hometown faithful, McEnroe picked up \$1,850 in fines for reviling the umpire and a lineswoman and for lacerating a spectator with insults and a handful of sawdust. The fan's heinous crime had been to cheer on occasions that McEnroe, that arbiter of court etiquette, deemed inappropriate.

After his tumultuous opener, McEnroe reached the fourth round on his best behavior lest another fine earn him a post-Open suspension. Mac evidently still had the shoulder problems that have bothered him since January, and he appeared stale, perhaps from working all the one-night stands that he and Guillermo Vilas play on McEnroe's Tennis Over America exhibition tour. Whatever the reasons, against Bill Scanlon in the 16s, McEnroe constantly let the shots play him. Still, he might have snuck through had not Scanlon, the 16th seed and a decidedly unfriendly rival of McEnroe's, played so well, repeatedly planting service returns at Mac's feet and threading passing shots by him.

Scanlon came on tour in '77, auspiciously whopping Top 10ers, but then the rudderless traveling life caught up with him, his ranking plummeted, and he "turned into a basket case." Scanlon was Exhibit A, one of the first characters introduced by Michael Mewshaw in his tennis exposé, *Short Circuit*. "I didn't retire," Scanlon told Mewshaw. "I became a degenerate. I would have started drinking before noon—if I ever got up before

continued



On Sunday, Lendl's temper was hotter than his first serves, of which 47% were good.





Arias became the youngest semifinalist.

Only the 16s weren't sweet for Krickstein.



U.S. OPEN continued

noon." Only when he signed with Warren Jacques, a highly regarded Australian expatriate who resides in Texas and whose coaching had spirited Kevin Curren and Steve Denton into the upper echelons, did Scanlon begin to take the high road back on the journey that culminated with his upset of McEnroe.

If McEnroe was out, Lendl was positively breezing, losing nary a set. Connors' trip to the finals was nearly as clean, notwithstanding some creep's telephoned death threat. Indeed, a birthday present that Connors' wife, Patti, delivered to him on Sept. 2, when he turned 31, seemed to rattle Jimbo more than any opponent. Patti ordered up a stripogram for hubby, and he was absolutely mortified as the young lady ground down to pasties and g-string in the players' lounge, while those assembled roared more at his evident embarrassment than at the paid entertainment.

Meanwhile, out on the courts. . .

Will you welcome, please, Aaron Krickstein, just turned 16 last month, the youngest U.S. junior champion ever. Krickstein was one of 22 players at the Open who have been under the tutelage of Nick Bollettieri, the coach from Bradenton, Fla. Krickstein brought the tournament to life, packing the grandstand in the third round as he came back from a two-set deficit against a quaking Vitas Gerulaitis. When Krickstein won four straight games to win the fifth set 6-4, the ballboys, most of them older than the victor, solemnly filed by to shake the playerboy's hand.

No American male, not even another Bollettieri prodigy, Jimmy Arias, ever made such a run so young. Krickstein slugs the ball, two-handed on the backhand, belying his slight 5'10" frame. "Look at his body," said his father, Herb, a pathologist in Grosse Pointe, Mich. "He's pathetic. But he's fearless on the tennis court." The kid is also utterly unflappable. "When he really gets excited," says Bollettieri, "he bends his left arm."

He does what?

"He bends his left arm. That's when I know he's fired up."

Well, this will certainly make for an interesting contrast.

The grandson of a rabbi, Krickstein also bids to become the first Jewish champion since Dick Savitt, the '51 Wimbledon winner. "Gee," a reporter gurgled to Dr. Krickstein after his son

beat Gerulaitis, "have you ever thought the boy might play for the Israeli Davis Cup team?" Dr. Krickstein paused, possibly even bent his left arm, and said that what he and Aaron sort of had in mind was that someday Aaron might play for the United States of America's team.

Krickstein lost to Yannick Noah, the French champion, in the 16s. Then Arias bumped Noah in a marvelous five-setter to make the semis against Lendl. At 19, Arias is the youngest player ever to reach the final four at the Open. Hitting forehands catty-cornered, he and Lendl slugged it out, but Lendl won in straight sets. In the other half of the draw, Connors manhandled a suddenly discomfited Scanlon to set the stage for another Connors-Lendl final, the one trying to repeat, the other attempting to win his first Grand Slam title and prove his mettle upon the consummate stage. . .

So here it was set point for Lendl in the third, and he threw the second ball up, tossed it poorly, and the serve fell into the net. Double fault. Back to deuce. For some inexplicable reason, that lapse was too much for Lendl. Well, it has been a tough year—only \$657,378 in prize money coming into the Open, after trucking away \$2,028,850 last year.

"I just felt mentally down after the double fault," he said afterward, sotto voce. Lendl lost the next two points. He lost the next two games. "He missed three or four balls for no reason," a baffled Connors acknowledged. The set went to Connors when Lendl halfheartedly jerked a routine forehand into the net. That done, he lost another six consecutive games, barely moving off a spot just inside the baseline, bothering only to flick at balls that happened to land conveniently near him, in the manner of some dispirited teaching pro, punching the clock, not troubling with shots that fell a couple steps away.

The stands, smelling blood, roared for Connors. However, down in the champions' box, in the southwest corner of the court, the previous winners felt only disgust and shame and revulsion at what they saw. How could someone dare do this to a tournament they had fought to win with their skills and always honored with their effort? How do you say No mas in Czech?

Thank heaven one obsolete antique is still playing this troubled game.

She Put Herself Into High Gear And Headed North



Navratilova lost but 19 games in seven matches en route to winning her first U.S. Open.



address in advance, she was upset the next day. That was in May, at the French Open, where she had planned to deliver a speech in French. Then Kathy Horvath handed Navratilova her only defeat in 67 matches this year.

Last week Navratilova's friend, Nancy Lieberman, the basketball star, said, "The trouble with you tennis players is, you win a big match, you bang your racket on the net. Or you throw it. Great. What does a racket do back to you?" Basketball players, Lieberman said, now they give high fives to people. So on Saturday, if Navratilova beat Chris Evert Lloyd to win her first U.S. Open, she would go to the friends' box at courtside and give high fives. Only she and her buddies forgot one thing. How hard it would be for Navratilova to give high fives, because her winning the Open would mean that The Torch had been passed, from Lenglen to Moody to Marble to Betz, to Connolly to Gibson, to Bueno to Smith to King to Evert Lloyd to Navratilova, and how, pray, does one

give high fives with a racket in one hand and The Torch in the other?

But she managed, for in these times there is little the lady from Dallas in her new après-bowling tennis outfits can't do upon the courts of green. She savaged the Open, made it unforgettable for tedious excellence. She lost but 19 games in seven matches, which required, in toto, slightly more than six hours. The over-and-under line was 52 minutes per outing, and one of the loudest cheers for Evert Lloyd in the final was the applause, from insiders, that rippled through the stands when the time-of-match clock ticked up from :59 in the last game, signifying that she, at least, alone, had occupied Navratilova for an hour. The score was one and three for Evert Lloyd; six, six and oh for Navratilova. The oh is for chokes.

Sure, as every mother's child knew, Navratilova could win Wimbledoes left and right, the odd French and Australian and all those winter championships that are named after a product. She could win money with her left hand—more than

continued

Days before her victory was obtained, Martina Navratilova and her friends were already contemplating how best she might present herself in triumph. Navratilova herself seriously suggested that she would begin her awards ceremony speech by crooning New York, New York: "Start spreadin' the news...." This idea was vetoed on two grounds, voice being one. The other: The last time Navratilova had orchestrated her victory

any man, woman or woman-child in the history of tennis, over-the-table division. But she could not win the championship of her adopted country. Took the pipe. The old cusa. Folded like a dollar suitcase. Even made people forget that Sam Snead never won his U.S. Open. Or Bjorn Borg his. Or, as Evert Lloyd delicately proposed the day before the final, "Nerves might enter in."

In a way, this showdown was being played on two levels. On the drawsheet, Evert Lloyd was defending her U.S. title, the most recent of her six. But on a higher plane, the one of posterity, Evert Lloyd was defending more enduring territory. Navratilova's extraordinary record over the last two years—184-7 since she began to take her talent seriously and train hard for the '81 Open—has prompted, in this world of instant superlatives, a rush to ordain her as the greatest ever. And even if Christine Marie Evert Lloyd, a tough little monkey, had to lease out a Grand Slam title here and there, she'd be damned if she would concede any kind of lasting recognition to a contemporary.

Evert Lloyd could defend herself on two fronts. First, simply, she could deny Navratilova the Open, for so long as Navratilova failed to win that, she would, like Borg, forever remain a pretender to all-timeiness. Second, Evert Lloyd could let herself speak for her record. One day, for example, she offered that it was a "sensitive" thing for her to discuss, but then, well, ah, the two-handed smile holding a stiletto, "I've had seven great years," while Martina has had but two—"that's really all she's had."

Evert Lloyd also bristled at talk about her alleged tennis anorexia, maintaining that her trimness only made her a better athlete. For her part, Navratilova was stung by continued suggestions, facetious and otherwise, that she is but the tip of some science-fiction iceberg: Team Navratilova and all that. When the New York Daily News snipped that her entourage even numbered a professional dog walker, she snapped how "degrading" the remark was to her friends, and studiously explained that besides herself, the so-called team consisted of only Lieberman, "my inspiration," and Mike Estep, her coach since June. "To think I have put in so much work," she said, "to then be dismissed as some sort of computer whiz, a programmed wonder woman."



Evert Lloyd's shallow ground strokes allowed Navratilova to take the net almost at will.

And she was right, because as Evert Lloyd had history on her side, Navratilova had the present—and no more of a cadre than any top player.

Navratilova won each match at this Open so effortlessly that she had no chance to vent her aggressions, except once, perhaps, when a heckler razed her doubles partner, Pam Shriver, and Navratilova flipped the loudmouth the bird and told him to get off Shriver's case. Evert Lloyd's road to the finals was only slightly more troublesome, although the prescient would have been tipped off in the semis. There she escaped Jo Durie, a streaky, tall, serve-and-volley English corner who gave Evert Lloyd fits, attacking her deliveries, before succumbing 6-4, 6-4. When Durie came off the court, her coach, Alan Jones, didn't commiserate with the usual British good show. Instead, he announced straight out that she bloody well could have won, which told us all the more that Evert Lloyd was vulnerable to pressure on her serve, and also that Durie may well be a stalwart new force to be reckoned with.

No such fresh talent appeared on Navratilova's flanks. Where are all the challengers—"the girls," as Evert Lloyd always calls this steno pool? Only a couple of years ago the women were crowing about how deep their field was, but now it has become neatly divided into three divisions: Division Navratilova, Division Evert Lloyd and None of the Above. Except for command performances in the Wimbledon semis every year, Billie Jean King has at last succumbed to Mother Time and didn't even enter the Open singles. Evonne Coolidge may be found at home Hara Mandikova, put out in the quarters last week by Evert Lloyd, showed her usual flashes of brilliance, which are all the easier to spot against her broad addequated standard. Tracy Austin, though not yet 21, remains transfixed by injuries and chose to pull out of the Open, as she had Wimbledon, after she had a peek at her draw.

For this she was excoriated by others, notably Andrea Jaeger, who charged that Austin's 11th-hour withdrawal kept Shriver in Jaeger's section of the draw. Shriver, in fact, ended up eliminating Jaeger in a contentious quarterfinal match in which Jaeger's outbursts could have taught McEntroe an epithet or two. Jaeger is, as she says, "eighteen now, and not

a kid, even though at heart I am—but you still have to pretend you're an adult." At No. 3 in the world and a Wimbledon finalist this year, she's hardly slumping, but after having arrived on the tour in swaddling clothes, she now appears becalmed and even, says a friend, "talks about college and all that junk."

It's fashionable to rattle on about the loneliness at the top, about how hard it is to stay No. 1, how everybody's shooting at you, how you can only go down, that sort of stuff. Forgotten too often is how much more difficult it is to shoot up near the top—especially when you're a teenager—and be frustrated there. Hard to be No. 1? Yeah, try being No. 3 or No. 5 when you never ever quite get the roses.

Shriver is another one like that, a finalist at the Open at 16, but now a doddering 21-year-old who usually doesn't get past the quarters. She's bright and engaging, dedicated enough, but overwhelmed, outwomanned in the crucible. "You win one big match," she said after Navratilova had cleaned her clock in the semis, "and that's enough of a taste of winning to keep you going. But there's an arrogance you must have, and only two of them have that."

Martina and Chris? "Yeah," she said. "There's a taste of arrogance."

Before the final, Estep had told Navratilova to "go North," that is, charge the net at every opportunity. Even when Evert Lloyd rallied briefly in the early stages of the second set—just after a squadron of Lipton Tea skywriters buzzed overhead, inscribing GOOD LUCK CHIKSISSE across the wild blue yonder—she was admitting to herself that her 3-2 lead was "not justified." Her ground strokes kept falling short, her serves were roly-poly, so that time and again she needed perfect shots against Navratilova barreling North. Sometimes even they weren't enough, such as in the ninth game of the second set, when Navratilova struck two stunning winners. One was at the net, reaching around, flicking it home. Then moments later, she chased

down a lob, somehow outracing the ball, firing a rope back down the line. Anyone watching had to think: No other woman who ever played this game could have hit both those shots. One yes, but not both. Not up over here and then back down there. And in one game.

However, Navratilova is also, as she



A biting serve and volley put Durie in the semis.

explained patiently to an interrogator afterward, only 5' 7½", 145 pounds, no monster, no Amazon. Or, as even Shriver says, the dark day Navratilova lost to Horvath in Paris, she was so tight, so perfectly human, "she was like a baby out there." But enough of the nitpicking. Martina Navratilova, Texas' own, formerly of Prague and Burger King, has won her United States Open, won it as convincingly as any woman ever did. With that necessary bit of business at last taken care of, she can begin to traffic in history and venture at being a legend after Chris Evert Lloyd's own time. **END**



Rather than face more punishment from Pryor in the 10th (left), Arguello stayed down for the count.

Good Night, Sweet Prince

After 15 glorious years, Alexis Arguello is hanging up his gloves because Aaron Pryor again KO'd his bid for a fourth title **by PAT PUTNAM**

The site and the scene were different, but the result was unchanged. Alexis Arguello sat in his blue boxing trunks in the 10th round last Friday night and, with tears in his dark eyes, gave up any chance to win an unprecedented fourth world championship. Across the way, Aaron Pryor, his WBA junior welterweight championship safe, wept, too.

It was the third time Pryor had hammered Arguello to the floor in the outdoor stadium at Las Vegas' Caesars Palace, and as the 31-year-old Arguello sat with his arms folded across drawn-up knees, he remembered the punishment Pryor had meted out to him in Miami's Orange Bowl last November, a beating that had left him unconscious for four minutes after the fight was stopped. As Referee Richard Steele reached the count of seven Friday night, Arguello's head dipped; he had surrendered.

"He could've got up, but he chose not

to," Steele said later. "As I counted him out he was just looking at me, and his eyes were telling me that he'd had enough. But it didn't matter. If he'd got up, I would've stopped it."

As he watched the final scene being played out on the other side of the ring, Pryor was filled with a curious blend of elation and grief. "I was glad he didn't get up because I didn't want to hit him anymore," Pryor said. "Usually after I've beaten a man, I no longer respect him. But Arguello is a man, a three-time world champion. I felt for him every time I hit him; I knew only his great heart was holding him up. I was happy that I would take my title home, but I was sad that he'd never win a fourth championship."

For Arguello, it was a bleak ending for a brilliant career that had begun in his hometown of Managua, Nicaragua on Nov. 18, 1968 with a first-round knock-out of Israel Medina. By the time the

then 21-year-old Pryor turned pro in November of 1976. Arguello was the WBA featherweight champion, having knocked out Ruben Olivares for the title in November 1974. In 1978 he won the WBC junior lightweight title from Alfredo Escalera. Then, in June 1981, he won a 15-round decision over Jim Watt for the WBC lightweight crown.

Just seven men have won titles in three weight divisions. Last November, against Pryor, Arguello made his first bid to become the only fighter to win four. In what was regarded as 1982's fight of the year, Arguello and Pryor went toe to toe

until the 14th round when Pryor hammered Arguello with 23 straight punches and, at 1:06 of the round, left him crumpled and unconscious.

No one thought the slender Arguello would ever return to the ring after such a fierce beating. No one but Arguello himself. Lashing out in frustration, he fired his trainer, Eddie Futch, a move he would have cause to regret. "I made a big mistake when I blamed Mr. Futch for my loss," Arguello says. "I've apologized. But I'm human. I grabbed the closest piece of wood in the ocean. I'd just lost a fight, an important fight, and I

had to blame someone. A big mistake."

To replace Futch, Arguello hired Lupe Sanchez, the trainer of former welterweight champion Pipino Cuevas. Then Arguello abandoned his lightweight championship on Feb. 15 of this year; 11 days later, as a junior welterweight, he won a 10-round decision over Vilomar Fernandez. On April 24 he stopped Claude Noel in three rounds and said he was ready for another crack at Pryor.

"That first fight will always be in my mind," Arguello said after signing for \$1.75 million, \$500,000 less than Pryor would receive. "I've looked at the tapes

continued



of the first fight 50 times, I've looked at the 14th round and always I think: My God, how could such a thing happen? But I wasn't in good mental condition. I thought I had the ability and didn't need the work. I was in shape physically but not mentally. Now I've put my mind to work. You can have the skill, you can have the ability, but if you don't have the mind condition you're dead."

Bill Miller, Arguello's agent, said, "He was overconfident. He never dreamed he wouldn't stop Pryor."

tract with Sylvester Stallone. Pryor became angry when Stallone asked him to take a routine physical. Pryor thought the request was because of the widely circulated rumors of his use of cocaine. "I don't do the stuff that people have me doing," Pryor said. "I don't do drugs. I don't take dope. I don't stay up late. I don't let the talk perturb me. But my mother's tired of reading all this stuff about me. If I'm so bad, how come I've had 33 fights and won them all?"

In South Lake Tahoe, Nev. without a

(WBC junior middleweight) and Milton McCrory (WBC welterweight). After studying Pryor's battered face, Steward's first order was two days of rest.

Steward had picked Arguello to win both the first fight and the rematch. "That was based on what I was reading about the turmoil in Pryor's camp and the impression that he wasn't training," Steward said. "I didn't believe everything I heard about Pryor was a lie. I told Aaron I didn't want to be the man in the corner when he lost his title. My reputation was on the line. All I can say is that he has been beautiful. He's done everything I've asked. He's my kind of fighter."

During training sessions he made a few suggestions, and Pryor quickly adapted to them. "Emanuel thought I was going to lose this fight," Pryor said three days before the bout. "What better way to win the fight than to let him train me and show me how to change his mind. I'm going to win to prove to him that he was wrong. That gives me another kind of high."

Under the handling of Sanchez, Arguello was working with smaller but faster featherweights. "Why work with bigger fighters?" Sanchez said. "We know he can punch and take a punch. Speed and keeping his head are the keys. We have told him that if he loses his head this time, all is lost."

In the first fight, Arguello had done what everyone had warned him not to: He had fought Pryor in the trenches. His considerable boxing skills all but forgotten, he had turned into a slugger. His combinations are what made him a legend, but against Pryor he seldom was able to get off his combos.

The rematch battle plan called for Arguello to back up Pryor with hard right hands in the first round and then to pile up points with swift, stinging combinations. Among Arguello's 78 victories in 83 fights were 63 knockouts, but he had tested Pryor's chin in their first meeting to no avail.

Pryor describes his style as an explosion. "He seems to gain strength from adverse situations," Steward says. "It seems he's against everybody in the world and everybody is against him. But from all his

continued



As in their first encounter, Arguello often tagged Pryor squarely—but to little apparent effect.

While Arguello seemed to have his act together, Pryor's life outside the ring became chaotic. On July 1 his trainer, Panama Lewis, was banned from boxing for allegedly tampering with the gloves of one of his fighters, Luis Resto. Pryor also became estranged from his wife, Theresa, who was already guaranteed a \$500,000 slice of his purse. A court in Cincinnati awarded Buddy LaRosa, his erstwhile manager, another \$750,000.

To replace Lewis, Pryor hired and fired Richie Giacchetti, Larry Holmes's former trainer, who told Pryor what he thought and not what Pryor wanted to hear. Three times he tried to bolt from his promoter, Dan Duva, once after signing and then breaking a promotional con-

tract. Pryor worked the way he fights, with whirlwind abandon. He would spar 14 rounds without headgear under a hot sun; then, battered and bruised, he would work harder the next day.

But even Pryor can take only so much punishment and pressure: On Aug. 19, complaining of a severe headache, he checked into a South Tahoe hospital, where Dr. John Harris, a neurosurgeon, took two CAT scans. "I don't find anything wrong," Dr. Harris told him. "Come and see me in a couple of weeks."

After leaving the hospital, Pryor decided he needed a steady hand at the helm. Less than two weeks before the fight, he called in Emanuel Steward, the trainer of champions Thomas Hearns

Break tradition.

Drink Ronrico Rum instead.

Face it, you already know what your usual rum, gin and vodka have to offer.

Just try one drink mixed with Ronrico and you'll realize what you've been missing.

Ronrico is simply smooth and light.

With a surprisingly distinctive flavor, there's bound to be time you break tradition with Ronrico Rum.

RONRICO RUM & ORANGE JUICE

2 oz. of Ronrico Rum to 4 oz. of highball glass, for adults. Mix with orange juice and a splash of orange.

RONRICO RUM



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Kings, 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine; 100s, 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. 1983.



You found it. True.

In the whole gallery of ultra low tar cigarettes, True is the one with exceptional taste. The kind of taste you've been searching for. Don't just take it from us.

*Test it against the only
taste that counts. Yours.*



You're just a
split second away
from finding the
taste you've been
looking for...



There are newer homes we insure. But none more important.

When you get homeowners insurance from The Travelers on a newer home, you can often qualify for a lower rate. But what of an older home that's just been renovated? Or one that's been kept so it's just like new?

Well, under a new plan from The Travelers, homes that could not qualify for lower rates because of their age may now qualify because of their condition.

The way we figure it, when people put time and money into taking care of their property, the insurance company should recognize that fact.

To see if your home qualifies for a discount, consult your independent Travelers agent. You can find one listed in the Yellow Pages.

At The Travelers, we believe that our main concern for you as an individual is one of the important reasons why we are one of the world's largest insurance companies.



TheTravelers

We offer life, health, auto, and homeowners insurance and mutual funds and variable annuities for individuals, and virtually all forms of insurance for business. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, Travelers Equities Sales Inc., and other Affiliated Companies of The Travelers Corporation, Hartford, Connecticut 06183

troubles, and frustrations comes this incredible energy."

On Friday night it didn't take long for the incredible energy to explode in the first round. Pryor dashed from his corner and was throwing punches before he reached Arguello, who bravely tried to stem the assault with right-hand counterpunches. Twice Pryor was stopped briefly, and twice he drove at Arguello again. After two stiff jabs, a sharp right cross caught Arguello flush and dropped him. Frowning, Arguello regained his feet. "You all right?" Steele asked. Arguello nodded. "Hold your hands up and let me see."

Pryor rushed in, but before the round was over Arguello had nailed him with two right hands and a hook, giving Pryor pause.

Working grimly, Arguello established a thin edge with right-hand counters in the second and third rounds, and before the fourth Steward told Pryor, "You got to get close. Don't throw the right hand from so far back. He's just waiting for it."

Pryor struck quickly. He unleashed a six-punch flurry that ended with a short, sweeping hook that sent Arguello once more to the floor. After the challenger regained his feet, Pryor moved in behind a flood of punches. Halfway through the round another right staggered Arguello. Pryor then seemed to tire, and in the last 50 seconds Arguello made a strong comeback. Pryor fought the next four rounds almost in slow motion as he showed a growing respect for Arguello's right. In the eighth, Arguello was scoring well but then was penalized a point for low blows, which landed often enough to cause Pryor to complain.

After that, Pryor took over. He went after Arguello in the ninth with a vengeance and, when he returned to his corner, Steward, who had been urging him to pick up the pace, greeted him with an approving nod. "You're getting in the right hand," Steward said, "but then you're pulling back your head. Shoot the right and then come back with the short left."

After calmly letting himself be counted out, Arguello tearfully hugged his agent, Miller.



Pryor and his son, Aaron Jr., reached new heights.

In his own corner, Arguello was wondering how much punishment he could take. As in the first fight, he had hit Pryor with some stunning right hands, but each time Pryor shook them off. When the 10th-round bell rang, Arguello sighed and got to his feet. He would only have to work a minute and 48 seconds more.

Heeding Steward, Pryor began shooting in short lefts behind his right hand.

As Arguello backed off, Pryor unloaded a string of jabs, caught his target flush with a right, fired each hand twice and then snapped Arguello's head back with a crunching left uppercut flush against the jaw. Arguello sagged against the ropes and went down on his right knee; he shook his head and then sat. As Steele reached 10, he got up wearily and went to his corner, where he was met by Oscar Searcy, who has worked his corner for years. "The carnival is over," Arguello said. Then, turning to Miller, he added, "The mother is just too strong."

Later, his eyes wet with tears and puffed and reddened by Pryor's fists, Arguello faced his public with pride. "I did my best. I feel good about it," he said. "He was just too strong. When I went down the second time, I thought, 'My God, what's happening?' Then the next round I hit him with a couple of good shots and nothing happened, and I thought, 'Jesus, he's not human.' It takes something out of you. In the last round I was pushing myself real hard. Sure I was hurt, but I could have got up. But I didn't want to risk my life. I decided to protect myself. I thought to myself: That's it."

"Why are you crying?" someone asked.

A slight smile lifted the corners of Arguello's mouth and he said, "Because it's a normal reaction. I did my best. I'll never fight again. I'm sorry."

So are we.

END



Two years ago the Philadelphia Eagles were among the shining jewels of the NFL. They were coming off a Super Bowl season. They had a bright, young coach and enthusiastic crowds to fill a modern, roomy stadium; they were blessed with a generous owner and a warmhearted general manager who had closely wired them to a city known for its toughness. They had everything. "The

Tose, 68, the owner, smiles sadly and says, "It's all my fault, all of it."

The first public indication that the Eagles had big money troubles came last Jan. 3, when the sports director of Philadelphia's KYW-TV, Howard Eskin, reported on the air that Tose, whose millions are derived from a family trucking business, had lost so much money in Atlantic City casinos that he might be

from the *Philadelphia Daily News* asked him the night of Eskin's broadcast.

"No," Tose said, "the team's not for sale. I'm not selling it."

"Or a piece of it?"

"No."

"Are you in financial trouble?"

"No. I don't have any financial trouble. Not from gambling. Not from the [NFL players] strike. Honest to God."

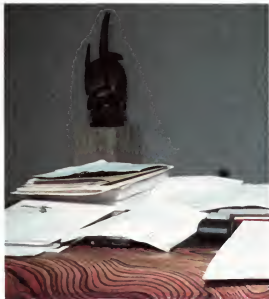
The Buck Stops Here In The Big Flap Over The Eagles

The old high-flying Philly franchise is in financial chaos and now ruled by the owner's tight-fisted daughter

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

best place to work in the world," said the coach, Dick Vermeil.

Now the glitter has gone out of the jewel. The Eagles' ownership is teetering on the brink of financial collapse. The courts have involved themselves in the selling of the team, the only thing that can get it out of the hole. Vermeil is gone, a victim of burnout. So is Jim Murray, the friendly general manager. Six months ago he was fired; the reasons given range from "personal differences" to "streamlining." Three other high- and midlevel executives were also sent packing. Locks were changed on office doors. A time clock was installed in the Eagles' offices in Veterans Stadium. A secretary reported to work and found someone else sitting at her desk. The nice-guy image of the club was replaced by something much chillier. And nowadays, Leonard



forced to sell the club, Eskin said Tose had blown approximately \$1 million on one night alone, Nov. 16, 1982.

"Right church, wrong pew," says a source familiar with Tose's gambling habits. "That night he happened to be home. But he's lost a lot more than \$1 million—a lot more."

Tose threatened a lawsuit against KYW. He denied all charges. He also never filed a suit.

"Is the team for sale?" an interviewer

Six months later, on July 12, onlookers in a packed courthouse in the Philadelphia suburb of Media, Pa. were jolted to learn that the Eagles in fact had \$33 million in liabilities and that Tose was personally in hock for another \$9.1 million. He had been trying to sell the club for some time and on June 17 had finally signed an agreement to do so. The July 12 hearing was necessitated by the fact that on July 1 the prospective buyers had gone to court, claiming that Tose and his

daughter, Susan Fletcher, 42, the Eagles' vice-president and legal counsel, had reneged on the deal and were using the buyers' offer to get a higher price elsewhere. The court had slapped a restraining order on Tose and Fletcher, prohibiting them from making any financial deals affecting the Eagles. As a result of the revelations of the 12th, an injunction was handed down the next day that in effect

that son. The felon, Jacques Zinman, turned out to be a friend of Fletcher's and his involvement in the prospective purchase of the Eagles was limited. "A finder," Fletcher called him, "a person who helped set up the deal."

In early August Tose was hauled into court and cited for contempt for trying to use the Eagles as collateral on a loan, a violation of the injunction. He said he

apparent that the Eagles had more than financial difficulties. At that point Murray had not been seen around the club offices for a while. Soon Business Manager Jim Borden and Director of Sales and Marketing Sam Procopio began to be missed also. The locks had been changed on their doors. The staff was in a jumpy mood. Ellis had been let go on March 7. When Gertrude Kelly, an Eagles secre-



forced Tose and Fletcher to negotiate with the parties to the sale agreement and no one else until Sept. 15. The next court hearing is Sept. 19.

The day of the injunction Tose said he hadn't known what he was signing on June 17. He said that he couldn't read the agreement, that it was allegedly written on a yellow legal pad. He had already filed a countersuit, claiming the prospective buyers had a silent partner who was a convicted felon. Tose eventually dropped

hadn't read the loan agreement he'd signed. After a midsummer hearing at NFL headquarters in New York, Commissioner Pete Rozelle told Tose he had to make good on the salary of one of the fired executives, Assistant Ticket Manager Bob Ellis. The club had claimed that Ellis had quit The Eagles, until recently one of the classiest teams in the league, now were caught up in a steady stream of lies and double-dealing.

Back in mid-March it had also become

In trying to eliminate red ink, Fletcher has cut expenses and chopped off a few heads.

rary and a former longtime employee of Tose Trucking, found a new woman at her desk one morning, she went to a back office and collapsed in tears. Any questions about Murray and the other two missing executives were referred to Fletcher.

"Jimmy will always be a big part of the team," Tose had told the *Philadelphia Inquirer* in January. But where was he?

continued



Tose denies that on June 17, in this Jersey seaside home, he agreed to sell his team.

THE EAGLES continued

On March 14 Fletcher went on TV to answer the Murray question. "I think he will be back as general manager," she said. "I think Jimmy Murray is very happy with the situation here. I think it's been a very tough couple of years for Jimmy. We told him to take some well-deserved time off and relax and get himself physically in much better shape, because he's had a very trying year."

The only trouble was that Murray had been fired on March 1, 13 days before Fletcher's TV interview. Her statement served to get the press off her back for a while, and the story of his firing didn't surface until the end of May. The media were stumped. You would have to go back to Ben Franklin to find a more popular Philadelphia than Murray, who had come to the Eagles when Tose bought the club in 1969.

"For 14 years, Jim Murray was the link between the Eagles and the neighborhoods," Ray Didinger wrote in the *Daily News*. "He knew Philly, he felt its pulse. As GM, he set the tone for the classiest, most civic-minded front office in this or any other city."

Even when the Eagles had been lousy on the field, as they had in Tose's first nine years of ownership, no one could stay mad at them for very long. If they

weren't busy raising \$2 million for the Fly for Leukemia campaign, they were donating \$79,000 to keep the city's high school sports programs alive or promoting the Ronald McDonald houses, which provide homes near hospitals for families with children undergoing treatment.

"Leonard Tose got most of the applause for that, but Jim Murray was the man who did the legwork," Didinger wrote. "Murray gave a heart to a tin

And now Murray was gone. But why? Tose cited excess spending as the reason for Murray's demise. Tose said that when Murray had signed Quarterback Ron Jaworski to a \$400,000 contract in 1981 Tose wasn't told of the deal. "I almost fell through the floor when I saw it," he said.

"Of course Tose knew about it," Jaworski says. "It took a week to finalize, because Jim had to run it by Leonard."

Murray will not comment on any as-



woodsman of a franchise and he proved, even in the worst of times, there were other ways to win."

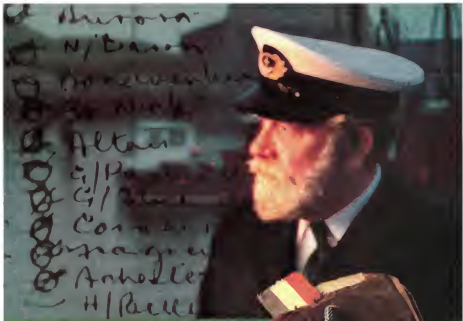
The stunning part, though, was that Murray had been Tose's closest friend. When Tose woke up in a Houston hospital in 1978 after open heart surgery, the first person he saw was Murray, saying the rosary. "... he had two things that count" was Tose's quote in the 1982 Eagles' press guide. "brains, and a sincere concern for people. And what a friend!" Tose had given Murray a 1% interest in the Eagles, and privately he was fond of calling Murray "my adopted son."

pect of the situation. With Rozelle acting as arbitrator, he's trying to reach a settlement on the remaining eight years of his contract. Borden and Procopio are trying to settle their contracts, too.

Tose stuck by his excess-spending statement, even though he admitted, "The fault lies with me. Do you expect me to fire myself?" A source close to both Murray and the Eagles says the fault lies with the 10-year contracts, signed by Tose, that Murray drew up for himself, Borden and Procopio two years ago.

"No NFL employees outside of coaches have long-term contracts like that,"

continued



Every day for three decades,
come fair, foul, or worse,
Harbor Master Tait logged them
in and logged them out.
Now, every captain
counts on safe berth in
Scotland's Eyemouth
Harbor. And finds it. The good

things in life
stay that way.



DEWAR'S.
White Label.
never varies.
Authentic
The Dewar Highlander

BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY - 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF)
© 1983 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.



The most successful engine transplant in automotive history.

Mercedes-Benz transferred the best-performing engine in diesel annals from the record books to the production line—creating the best-performing diesel automobile in America, if not the world: the swift, smooth, highly civilized 300D Turbodiesel Sedan.

Five cylinders, turbocharged, so intent on high performance that its pistons would be constantly cooled by automatic injections of oil—it was a radical new breed of diesel engine that Mercedes-Benz designed.

But instead of rushing it into production, the engineers first raced it around the high-speed Nardò circuit in Italy—mounted in the C-111/3 research vehicle shown in the background at left.

Circulating for 12 continuous hours at an average of 195 mph, the C-111/3 and its amazing new power plant proceeded to establish nine new world speed and endurance records. No diesel had ever gone this far, this fast before. And perhaps no record-setter had ever run so frugally before. The C-111/3's fuel mileage for 12 hours at almost 200 mph: 14.7 mpg.

The point had been made. The performance diesel engine was proven. Sufficiently so that its design



Powerful 3-liter, 5-cylinder turbodiesel engine lends the 300D unrivaled performance.

Generating vivid acceleration and muscular passing power; cruising ease all but indistinguishable from gasoline-powered cars; and EPA fuel mile figures of 27 mpg city est. and 33 hwy.*

Chassis to match

The 300D's engine performance is complemented by its over-the-road performance.

"The 300D's success in striking a balance between ride, comfort and handling response is equaled by less than a handful of other cars in the world," reports one American automotive journal.

That highlights one key difference between the 300D and common luxury sedans. Another is driving pleasure; this must be one of the *numbest* 1½-ton automobiles afoot. Its highly refined fully independent suspension system means that you can cover ground quickly in this car—even if the ground is full of chuckholes, sudden curves, or other rude surprises.

The cabin meanwhile affords

civilized comfort for five persons. This is more than a matter of trappings and gadgetry. The 300D is a *solid* machine, secure-feeling even in extremes. Careful aerodynamic detailing of the exterior helps keep it almost evenly free of wind noise. Your body is rested in carefully contoured, heavily padded seats specifically designed to cope with the physical stress of prolonged driving.

Amenities are plentiful.

Automatic climate control, electronic AM-FM stereo radio and cassette player, electric window lifts—few if any reasonable creature comforts are *not* fitted as standard.

The 300D incorporates 120 safety features as standard equipment as well.

Proven on paper and on the road

Proof of the 300D's worth can be found on any road in America. It is amplified on paper—in the record that this car has compiled for retaining its value.

After the first three years, in fact, the 300D Turbodiesel Sedan has been shown to retain an average of 80 percent of original value, at retail. Proof, indeed.

*EPA estimate for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

© 1983 Mercedes-Benz N.A., Inc. Mercedes N.A.



sign was then carried over to the production line virtually intact. And is now found beneath the hood of the 300D Turbodiesel Sedan shown here.

The result is the best-performing production diesel automobile in America, if not the world.



Engineered like no other car in the world



**One
Free
Disc**

**5-Day
Money-
Back
Offer**

**No
Finance
Charges**

GENE KELLY PRESENTS 3 NEW REASONS TO BUY AN RCA VIDEODISC PLAYER NOW.

INTRODUCING RCA's 3-WAY SPECIAL.

There are a lot of great reasons to buy an RCA Videodisc Player.

First, there's the entertainment. Nearly a thousand great shows you can see on your own TV. Movies, music video, kids' shows, sports and more.

Then there's the picture — clear, sharp, remarkable. One of the best in home video.

Then, there's the sound. Many discs come in stereo. To give you a sound that's better than ordinary TV.*

And finally, there's the price.

very inexpensive. Players start at \$299. Discs at \$14.98**.

And now, for a limited time, there are 3 new reasons to buy.

Just buy a player and get a free disc of your choice (up to a \$39.98 value!)* Then, no finance charges if you qualify. And third, a 5-day money-back offer.* So see your participating RCA Dealer for details. There's never been a better time to buy.

*Offer of \$39.98 value disc at \$0.00. Offer good only on new purchases. Offer good only on new purchases. Offer good only on new purchases. Offer good only on new purchases.



RCA
WE'LL OPEN YOUR EYES.

the source says. "Susan got upset at the idea of so many people in the organization locked into multiyear deals. Leonard accepted it, but Susan felt that people aren't as productive when they're on long-term contracts like that. She doesn't like cronyism."

Fletcher is vivacious. She smiles a lot and answers all questions, sometimes with a question of her own. "What would you do?" is a favorite expression. When she was 21 and fresh out of Boston University, she married Ira Schneider, a public relations man, and went to work as a history teacher on Long Island, at Meadowbrook Junior High in East Meadow. In 1971 the marriage broke up, and she packed up her 3½-year-old daughter, Marnie, and headed south, to Lighthouse Point, Fla. A year later she was running a business out of her garage, designing and manufacturing tennis dresses under the brand name Papillon. "There were moments of great despair," she says. "I had to do the selling, too, and it was tough, taking my dresses into a pro shop and hearing the guy tell me, 'No. They're ugly.'"

After four years, the business was growing quickly. She had a partner, Dennis Kalodish, and a new husband, Harold Fletcher, a sporting-goods rep. Both relationships broke up. The business partnership nearly ended in the courts. "He wanted to sell goods quicker than we could produce them," Fletcher says. The marriage ended in a divorce that will become final, she says, "any day now."

"My father is very frank about my marital choices," Fletcher says. "He feels I'm 0 for 2." Tose himself is currently on his fourth marriage.

In 1978, at the age of 37, Fletcher entered Villanova Law School. Friends of the Toses say that Murray, a Villanova alumnus and the school's former sports information director, helped her get in. She passed the bar exam on her first try, became the Eagles' legal counsel in 1980 and was made vice-president by her father last fall.

The books she inspected when she took over as vice-president showed that the Eagles had lost money in five of the previous six years—\$1.2 million in 1977, \$335,591 in '79, \$309,291 in their Super Bowl year of 1980, \$1,426,000 in '81 and close to \$5 million in the strike year of



Murray was fired as G.M. two weeks before Fletcher indicated that his job was secure.

'82. Only in 1978 had they been in the black, earning \$449,422. She went to work. She had all expenses pulled from the computer and itemized in two big ledger books, annotating the figures on little yellow square paste-on sheets. For example, under CAR RENTALS she queried: "Why are some people using D and E [special request] classifications?" She consolidated, cut back, economized.

Fletcher had all the executives write job descriptions for themselves, and when she studied them carefully, heads started to roll. One of the first to go was Ellis, the ticket man. A key witness at his arbitration hearing before Roselle was Chick McElrone, the club's assistant publicity man and an Eagle employee for 12 years. He testified that he had been told by Ellis' superior that Ellis hadn't quit, as the Eagles maintained, but had been fired.

"Leonard Tose said after that,

"Where's your loyalty?" says McElrone, who later left the Eagles when they brought in a new man, Ed Wisneski, over him. "I said, 'It's not a question of loyalty, it's a question of fairness.' The thing that sticks with me, though, is the last thing Susan told me. She said, 'Your problem, Chick, is that you've got too much integrity.'"

"What I tried to convey to Chick," Fletcher says, "is that friendship is a wonderful thing, but there were some confidential conversations we had here, and you don't discuss them at an arbitration hearing."

Fletcher and her father had been looking for buyers since January. One name that surfaced was Philadelphia Flyers Board Chairman Ed Snider. Other names were mentioned, but on June 17 an eight-page handwritten memorandum of agreement was signed by Tose, Fletcher and Louis Guida of Yardley, Pa., the

leader of a five-person syndicate that was to buy the Eagles. In addition to Guida, a Merrill Lynch vice-president and syndicator of the horse Niatross, the group included Ira Lampert, a Dix Hills, N.Y. accountant; and Fletcher's close friends, the Newmans of Narberth, Pa. Dr. Julius Newmann is a plastic surgeon known as Dr. Nose—"He gave me the nose I have now," Fletcher says—and his wife, Sandy, had worked in the same law firm as

continued

McElrone, now jobless, was told that he was too honest.



Fletcher. The fifth member of the group was Fletcher himself. The man who had gotten the purchasers together, Zinman, was not mentioned in the document. He had recently pleaded guilty to income tax evasion and been fined and sentenced to a year and a day in prison.

The buyers, accompanied by lawyers, had met with Tose and Fletcher at Tose's summer home in Longport, N.J., near Atlantic City. What actually happened there has been widely disputed. Guida said Tose was in a hurry to sign so he could break out the Dom Perignon champagne and "get on with the celebration," but his daughter insisted that he read the agreement. Suggestions were made, numbers were changed. The up-front money was set at \$400,000. Tose was to receive \$1 million in consulting fees from the new ownership the first year, \$500,000 a year for the next three years and \$250,000 a year thereafter until his death. Guida says Tose told him he "couldn't live" on that, so the amount was raised to \$400,000. Fletcher was to get 20% of the club, the purchase money to come from a loan from the other syndicate members to be repaid primarily

out of her share of the club's yearly profits. Before this deal was signed, Tose had indicated to the press that he would retain 51% of the club, but the agreement called for him to get just 1%. Fletcher would run the team, and the syndicate would pick up the Eagles' \$33 million debt, which included such future items as deferred contract payments, plus Tose's personal debt of \$9.1 million. The whole package amounted to a \$42.1 million price tag for the franchise.

A phrase saying the memorandum had "no binding effect" was crossed out and initiated by Tose, Fletcher and Guida. "Mr. Tose said, 'If I was in your shoes I'd want it the same way.' " Guida testified in court. " 'Frankly, I've been trying to sell this team for six months . . . and I want it binding as much as you do.' "

The agreement was signed and the refreshments were broken out, hoagie sandwiches and Dom Perignon, the gamblers' champagne—"Donny P" they call it in Vegas. Eleven days later Sandy Newman went to visit her friend, Susan, and she says she was told the deal was off and that Tose was negotiating with Snider for a better deal. It was then that the Guida group went to court.

And that's where the matter rests. Fletcher contends that the memorandum was not a final document but merely a starting point and that she and her father could end up owning 51% of the club. But she adds, "There are settlement negotiations going on right now. Remember that 94 percent of all cases are settled before they reach trial."

Tose's gambling losses were never officially tabulated, but in April he promised Rozelle he was through with the tables. "I could never give

my dad advice on something like gambling," Fletcher says. "He's his own man. In areas where he doesn't ask for advice, I don't give it."

On the field the Eagles don't seem to be affected by the front office turmoil. They lost to Washington 23-13 last Sunday to even their record at 1-1, and for the second week in a row a fluke played a big part in the outcome. In Philly's opening 22-17 win over the 49ers, a holding penalty nullified a last-second touchdown that would have won the game for San Francisco. Last Sunday the Eagles, trailing by seven in the fourth quarter, had the Redskins backed up to their 32-yard line in a second-and-19 situation, but Washington escaped on a 20-yard screen pass to an uncovered Nick Giamantino. Giamantino was uncovered because the Eagles had only 10 men on the field. The ensuing Skins' drive ended in the field goal that put the game away.

"Defensively we're back—you'll see," Cornerback Herman Edwards said afterward, and, indeed, the Eagles held the Redskins to 74 yards in the first half. But on offense, well, as Jaworski says, "I hope I make it through the season." He threw well Sunday, completing 24 of 37 passes for 326 yards, but his receivers dropped four balls and he was sacked six times. In the Eagles' last three outings, counting the first exhibition, their quarterbacks have been sacked 17 times. A problem, to be sure, but nobody can blame this one on the front office.

"Very little of what goes on upstairs reaches us down here in the locker room," says Stan Walters, the veteran tackle. Fletcher says she won't meddle in the running of the football operation. It seems she already has enough other projects to keep herself busy. **END**



Jaworski was sacked six times Sunday; Dexter Manley gets to him twice here.





35 KILO

AVIONIC MECHANICS

If you'd like to learn aviation electronics from the ground up, you could become a "35 Kilo." That's Army shorthand for a soldier responsible for electronic navigation, flight control and communications gear. From fixing an aircraft to flying them, we have over 300 career training areas. Qualify, and we'll guarantee your choice of training. Which means you can serve your country in the way that best suits your talents. So if it's not 35 Kilo, it might be 95 Bravo.

**ARMY.
BE ALL YOU CAN BE.**

Ministry Police

For more information, call toll free, 800-421-4422. In California, 800-252-0011. Alaska & Hawaii, 800-423-2244.



Like the Iron Horse, Cecil Cooper of the Brewers is a bright star who has been outshone but not outdone

by RON FIMRITE

The two men in the Mercedes 380 SLC were having an upwardly mobile conversation as they pulled into the parking lot at Milwaukee's County Stadium. "I know where I can get a Rolls-

Royce for \$27,000," said Jim Rice, 30, the Boston Red Sox slugger. "Sure," said Cecil Cooper, 33, the Milwaukee Brewer slugger, as he steered into a reserved parking space. "But." Rice continued, "if I get it, my wife will be so mad at me I'll have to move in with you." "You're al-

ways welcome," Cooper said, laughing. "But then I get to drive the Rolls." Rice gave him a playful nudge and the two ballplayers, close friends since their days in the Red Sox farm system, went off to play against each other in a recent doubleheader, which Cooper's team would sweep.

Rice and Cooper have much in common besides their Red Sox heritage. Both are country boys—Rice from Anderson, S.C. and Cooper from Independence, Texas—who often give the impression that they would rather be on a front porch swatting flies than in a ball park

'I'm The Gehrig Of My Time'



Cooper is the only player among the American League's top 10 in batting average (.306), home runs (27) and runs batted in (113).

hitting them. Both are among the finest hitters of their generation. Cooper's average for his 10 seasons is .308. Rice's for nine seasons is .304. Both have played in All-Star Games. Both more than earn their multimillion-dollar long-term contracts. But Rice is by far the better known of the two. Cooper's bearded face and balding head are known only to family and friends. Rice has won the American League's Most Valuable Player award; Cooper, despite some imposing numbers, is generally overlooked in the voting. "Unsung" could easily be his first name. "Maybe," he says without a trace of wistfulness, "I'm the Lou Gehrig of my time, always in the shadow of someone else. He's a pretty good role model, though."

Like Gehrig, Cooper shines in the shadows. A perfectionist who isn't entirely content unless he's hitting around .320, Cooper must now reluctantly admit that he's having quite a year. After a slow start that had him batting only .230 on May 17, he is among the league leaders, as he usually is, in almost every major batting category. At week's end, he was hitting .306 with 35 doubles, 27 homers, 91 runs scored and 113 runs batted in (one behind Rice). Significantly, his revival has coincided with his team's. When Cooper was hitting .270, the defending American League-champion Brewers were in last place in the American League East. His spurge carried them into first place on Aug. 17, and though they trailed Baltimore by 7½ games on Sunday, they still have seven games to play against the Orioles.

Cooper is the man who puts the head on the Blue Crew. "They have such a good lineup up and down," says Kansas City Manager Dick Howser, "but he's where it starts. When Cooper started to move, the Brewers moved." White Sox catcher and former Red Sox teammate Carlton Fisk says, "He's the kind of guy you build a club around," and adds, "Brewer executive and part-time coach, Sal Bando, 'He's the best hitter in baseball'."

If he isn't, he's awfully close. After bouncing about the Red Sox farm system for the better part of six years and then playing only part-time on the parent club for another three years, Cooper has become a superstar since being traded to



Though one of the most articulate of players, Cooper prefers the role of the quiet loner.

Milwaukee before the 1977 season. In his almost seven years as a Brewer he has hit .316 and averaged 22 homers and 93 RBIs, which isn't bad considering he lost much of one season, 1981, to the players' strike and another, 1978, to a broken leg. Cooper's benchmark season was 1980, when he hit .352 with 25 homers and 122 RBIs. Cooper was actually disappointed when he hit "only" .313 last year, with 32 homers and 121 RBIs, and he was dismayed by his slow start this year. He's also concerned that he's pulling the ball too much, that he has been seduced this year by his proliferating homers. "I'm not being myself," he says. "I'm using only half the ball park. If I'd done anything the first six weeks, I'd be ahead of .30. That was when everything went perfectly. Even if I did something wrong, it came out right."

Those 1980 figures were certainly of MVP quality, and so were last year's. Alas, '80 was the year George Brett hit .390, and '82 belonged to Cooper's teammate, Shortstop Robin Yount, who hit for average (.331) and power (29 homers). "It's not often a guy hits .390," he says, modestly deflecting arguments of his own value. "And how many times does a shortstop lead the league in slugging percentage." Cooper finished only fifth in the MVP voting both years, and anticipates that history will repeat itself this season. "Look at the seasons Don Quisenberry

and Wade Boggs are having," he says. "One thing is certain, though I won't lose any sleep if I don't get the award."

All too true. Of all the stars in the game today—and Cooper is certainly among the most celestial—he courts attention less than any of them. He is an intensely private man who, though active in Milwaukee community affairs—he won baseball's Roberto Clemente Award for humanitarianism last year—prefers to do his job at the ball park and then rush home to his wife, Octavia, and their 5-year-old daughter, Kelly. Although he's also among baseball's most articulate players, he suffers from a major league case of stage fright that precludes his speaking at banquets. "I just seem to lock up," he says. "It's not that I'm scared. After all, I play in front of 50,000 people and that doesn't bother me. And I can certainly handle smaller groups. I remember once while I was with the Red Sox I had to get up in front of about 500 people at a banquet. I only got through my first three or four lines, then I couldn't get any more out. The lady who introduced me cleaned it up for me."

Earlier this season Cooper wasn't even talking to the media, though unlike other self-imposed silencers, he has nothing against the press. "I just didn't feel I had anything to say," he explains. "I was hitting around .250 and I guess some of the reporters thought I was being a hard

continued

and moody guy, but I wouldn't say I'm moody. You have to get to know me. I might walk into a room and be thinking about all kinds of things. There are other things—like home and family—in this world besides hitting sliders."

Cooper's effortless style occasionally obscures his considerable fielding prowess. He has great range and an arm so strong that he'll often throw to another base to catch a lead runner. He is so good at digging balls out of the dirt that, as Yount says, "We're never afraid to just let it fly." And he may be the best stretching first baseman since Willie McCovey,

constantly making adjustments, so you should, too," he says.

Another factor contributing to Cooper's anonymity is his numbing consistency. He hit better than .300 in every month of the 1980 season. Last year his only non-.300 months were June, when he batted .278, and July, when he "slumped" all the way to .274. "He's there all the time," says Yount. "The trouble is, when you're as good as he is, people take you for granted."

Only rarely does Cooper rise above his own general level of excellence. His bases-loaded single in the seventh inning

have to admit that that was an unusual thing to do in this day when owners and players are supposed to be at such odds. Cecil Cooper will always be what the Brewers stand for."

Cooper's path to nirvana in Milwaukee was circuitous. Born in Brenham, Texas and reared in Independence (pop 300), he was the youngest of 13 children. His mother died when he was 10, and his father, an itinerant laborer, was gone from home much of the time, so Cooper was raised essentially by his eldest sister, Helen, who is 17 years his senior. He was taught baseball by his brothers John, Syl-



Cooper's imposing hitting statistics tend to obscure the fact that he has won two Gold Gloves for his excellence as a first baseman.

"He gets out there a good two feet farther than other first basemen," says Second Baseman Jim Gantner. "I've actually seen him do the splits."

The key to Cooper's game is relaxation. He does breathing exercises before each time at bat. At the plate he lazily aims his bat at the pitcher before assuming his Rod Carew-like, wide-open, left-handed, crouching stance. "I'm pointing the bat to the zone of the pitcher's delivery," he says. "I'm trying to get my mind and my eyes focused on that certain point." Again like Carew, Cooper will alter his stance from pitch to pitch, changing the positions of his hands and feet according to the situation. "The pitcher is

of the final American League playoff game beat the Angels last year and propelled the Brewers into their first World Series, which they lost to the Cardinals. That grand occasion was even too much for Cooper. He was actually seen uncharacteristically throwing his arms in the air as he reached base. It had been his second display of emotion in a fortnight. After the last out had been recorded in the Brewers' win over the Orioles in the game that decided the American League East championship, Cooper rushed over to embrace team owner Bud Selig, who is normally about as placid as John Madden hawking Miller Lite. "Cecil told me how happy he was for me," Selig recalls. "You

vester and Jessie. John and Sylvester later played with the barnstorming Indianapolis Clowns.

Cooper followed his baseball-playing brothers to all-black Pickard High School and then transferred in his senior year to the integrated Brenham High. He was as tall—6' 2"—then as now but was some 30 pounds lighter than his current playing weight of 190. "No scouts were pounding on my door," he says. "I'd decided to go to college. I never even knew I was being looked at. Nobody ever talked to me. Then Boston drafted me [in the sixth round in 1968]."

The Red Sox sent Cooper to Jamestown, N.Y., that summer, and despite mi-

continued

DON'T PUT ANOTHER DOLLAR ANYWHERE
UNTIL YOU'VE SEEN OUR
FREE
FINANCIAL PLANNING GUIDE

Find out how to sort through all the things you could be doing with your money...and come to the decisions that are right for you.

It's hard to know what to do with your money these days. You certainly want it to grow. And you want it available for immediate needs and future goals. But does that mean stocks? Or bonds? Or money funds? Or CDs? Or IRAs? Or...what?

To help you answer this important question, we have prepared a 24-page guide to financial planning. It is yours for the asking—with no obligation whatsoever.

Your **FREE** Guide can help you...

- Get a better picture of your financial situation using sample, fill-in-the-blank help-sheets.
- Choose financial strategies that best meet your needs and goals—whether you're just starting out...have a family with children...or are looking forward to retirement.
- Learn the language of finance with a Glossary of Terms explaining everything from Amortization and Equity to Tax-Exempt Bonds and Yield.
- See how financial planning can help you accumulate more money for the present and the future—while minimizing your tax bite—so your current needs and future dreams can be fulfilled.

Financial security doesn't just happen. It takes knowledge, foresight and planning—all of which begin with an understanding of your finances and effective money-management strategies. So before you put your money anywhere, find out where it can do the most good.

**Send for your
FREE guide today!**

THE RIGHT
"FINANCIAL
MEDICINE"



**IDEAS
TO HELP YOU
MANAGE MONEY**

YES, please see that I receive my **FREE** Guide to Personal Financial Planning, which will help me make the right money decisions for my particular situation. I understand there is no obligation whatsoever.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Telephone ()

Mail to: IDS Dept. 580 IDS Tower Minneapolis, MN 55402.

Or call toll free 1-800-IDS-IDEA, that's 1-800-437-4332.

ed-92-368-231-001

nor league averages, consistently over 300, the Red Sox sent him down after each of three brief tantalizing stints with the big club. Rice, Cooper's sometime minor league teammate in those days, is still baffled by Boston's rejection of Cooper. "I never understood how they could keep sending that man down," he says now. "He could always hit. Something he said to me then still rings in my ears—'Always believe in yourself, because if you don't, you're defeated.'"

By the spring of 1973 Cooper was ready to violate his own dictum. He had gotten married that February to Octavia, who was then a student at Blinn Junior College in his hometown, and he had been attending classes for the past few years at both Blinn and Prairie View A&M. "When they sent me over to the minor league training camp that spring, it seemed like the last straw," Cooper recalls. "I packed my bags and told my wife, 'Let's go home.' Then Haywood Sullivan [the Red Sox player personnel director at the time] persuaded me to give it one more try. They called me up that August."

During three full seasons in Boston, in which he hit .275, .311 and .282, Cooper was platooned and never played in more than 123 games.

"The Red Sox had told me I was finally going to be their first baseman," he says. "Then, suddenly, I'm gone. Looking back, I have no regrets about leaving there." Gone to a team that the previous two seasons had lost 95 and 94 games, respectively, and had never finished higher than a tie for fourth. After the trade—Cooper for George Scott and Bernie Carbo—was announced,

Cooper refused to answer his phone for several days. "I was shocked and upset, very depressed," he says. The deal was not an immediate hit in Milwaukee either—Scott had led the league in homers and RBIs in 1975.

In January of 1977, a month after the trade, Cooper checked into Milwaukee's Plover Hotel to meet his new employers. "The paper said it was one of the coldest days of the century," recalls Cooper, who had been wed to the mild winters of southeast Texas. "With the wind-chill

factor, it was about 70 below. I never even left my hotel room," Selig, meanwhile, was being criticized and ridiculed. Shortly after the trade a general manager from another team told Selig, "You keep making trades like this and you'll be in last place forever."

But Selig and Cooper had the last laugh. Scott hit 33 homers for the Red Sox in '77 and then promptly went downhill—all the way to the Mexican League. Cooper hit .300 for the Brewers, going 4 for 4 on the last day of the season. He



Very occasionally, Cooper can be a wild and crazy guy.

was one of the first pieces in what Selig now calls "the mosaic of a championship team."

The Coopers have since grown to love Milwaukee. They live year-round in suburban Mequon in a three-bedroom Cape Cod-style house. They're planning to build another house nearby. "Milwaukee is a town, not a city," Cooper says with affection. "If I were in a city, I'd be out of here like a shot at the end of the season, heading back to Texas. But we like it here."

Cooper has become one of the most beloved players on a team of love objects. When Cooper so much as adjusts his socks on the diamond, he sets up choruses of "Coooop Coooop" from the fans. Driving through town in his beige Mercedes with its personalized COOOP license plate, he's cheered by other motorists. He is one of the guiding forces of Athletics for Youth, an organization that provides recreation and counseling for local youngsters. "I always believe that if you play in a place, you're taking something from the community that you should give back," says Cooper. "Besides, I like working with kids."

When the Red Sox were last in town, Cooper held a session behind the Brewers' dugout with about a dozen members of Athletics for Youth. He introduced them to visitors Rice and Boggs and to his own teammate, Don Sutton, each of whom spoke for a few minutes. Then Cooper summed up. "You're living in a golden age right now," he told the youngsters. "You can be anything you want to be. You don't have to be a sports star. There are other things in life. The main thing is education."

Cooper's \$1 million-per-season contract has another five years to run. When it expires, he says, "I'm through. That will be 16 years in the majors and that's enough. I'm taking a job counseling now so I'll be prepared when the time comes. I don't want to be one of those people who miss playing so much they can't stand it. I know I won't miss it."

He's standing in his living room, gazing out at a backyard that reedies into a kind of suburban wilderness. The sight of all that empty space warms him. This may not be real country, but it's close. He's asked if he will ever regret not being as famous as he should be. He looks surprised. "I don't need all that attention," he says slowly. "All this is temporary, anyway. What's permanent is being what you want to be. What matters is spiritual well-being. All I've ever wanted is a nice simple life. My teammates and the people I work for appreciate me. Milwaukee appreciates me." He shrugs as if to say, "Who can ask for anything more?"

END

Since 1715.
One of the world's more
civilized pleasures.



To send a gift of Martell in the U.S., call 800-528-6148.
Imported by The Jos. Garneau Co., N.Y., N.Y. © 1981.

I SHOULD'VE VOTED.

You know that's what you're going to say
if your candidate doesn't win.

A Public Service of the National Association of Secretaries of State,
and the Advertising Council





**SLOW DOWN
AND STROLL INTO THE 18TH CENTURY.**



In The Bahamas, you never run out of things to do. Until you want to. Enjoy antique elegance, Old World charm, gracious people. Dance under the stars, gamble, golf, sail, shop. Or slow down and catch up with yourself. All for so very few dollars—the most value at competitive prices. And it costs less to get here from most places in the USA.

For reservations or a brochure, including Nassau/Paradise Island, Freeport/Grand Bahama, The Abacos, Andros, Bimini, Eleuthera, and The Exumas, see your travel agent or call toll free 800-327-0787. In Dade County, 443-3821.

It's Better In The Bahamas




INTRODUCING RENAULT ENCORE

Let go, for a minute, of all your preconceptions about automotive styling and design. Allow your eyes to study Renault's new hatchback achievement: Encore. Created with a distinctive European look, and a European outlook. A panoramic hatchback that opens to fit your lifestyle. A 60/40 split rear seat configuration that provides a fitting and functional access to cargo. Instrumentation that reads clearly, and is clearly accessible.

*Use for comparison. Your mileage may vary with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway and CA figures lower. **Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Tax, license, destination charges, rear deck spoiler \$72, wheel covers \$80, and regional equipment extra. Built by American Motors.



Fully independent suspension with twin coaxial torsion bars, front wheel drive, power front disc brakes, and electronic fuel injection makes the performance expressive, and the handling impressive. Impressive fuel economy, too: **52** EST HWY, **38** EPA EST MPG.* The new Renault Encore. *Built in America* from an inspired European design—creatively expressed. Impressive for one other enormous achievement: a price of **\$5755****. Now that you've let go of your preconceptions, take hold of Renault Encore. 

RENAULT
THE ONE TO WATCH 

Why American Business Trusts Emery.



Lawyer



Fashion Designer



Computer Manufacturer



Architect



Oil Well Engineer



These people represent more than one million customers who count on Emery to deliver everything from a contract or a computer chip—all the way up to a large automotive part.

No matter what America's shipping needs are, Emery provides reliable, on-time delivery to over 96,000 communities across the country. Emery features next day service with your choice of AM or PM delivery times. When savings are more critical than time, we offer a second day service, too.

And in an emergency, one call will speed Emery Same Day Service into action—with results by the end of the same day. In addition, Emery can deliver to thousands of locations outside the United States. With Emery First Class International Service, for example, you can ship any size package to major European cities, door-to-door—within forty-eight hours. So whether you send one contract a week or over a hundred packages a day, Emery can deliver. Call your local Emery office today and find out how Emery has earned the trust of successful businesses all over America. © Emery Worldwide 1983



EMERY
WORLDWIDE

We've earned the trust of American Business.

by Franz Lidz

This is the game of the name

Bunko artist Arthur Lee Trotter likes to pose as sports stars in his scams

Leroy Brown occupies Cell 3 of the Natchitoches, La. parish jail, but he's not the baddiest man in the whole damn town. The guy three cells down has a better claim. He's a bloated, Detroit-born bunko artist with teeth as crooked as his reputation. He answers to Bill Russell and Marv Fleming, and occasionally to John Mackey, but only reluctantly to Arthur Lee Trotter, the name on his FBI rap sheet.

Trotter, 49, changes identities faster than Woody Allen in *Zelig*. But he's more discriminating. He impersonates athletes almost exclusively. Trotter has been arrested 23 times since 1954, mostly for fraud, forgery and impersonation. This summer he claimed to be Bill Russell, the former great center of the Boston Celtics. But Trotter forgot he was eight inches too short for the role. On July 16 police arrested him for attempting to pull a confidence scam after he allegedly told a woman he was Russell and sold her a \$2,500 share in a restaurant chain that had never heard of him. The police were listening in an adjoining room of the woman's house when the following conversation took place.

Woman: "You don't look like Bill Russell."

Trotter: "I got into a car accident and had to have plastic surgery."

Woman: "I was expecting someone much taller."

Trotter: "I had 10 inches of bone surgically removed from my shins. I wanted to fit easier into my new Mercedes. And I was tired of having my legs hang off motel beds."

Trotter offered to show her the scars. The cops offered to show him the parish jail.

At the station house, police say, Trotter quit being Russell and identified himself as Marv Fleming, the former tight end with the Green Bay Packers (1963-69) and Miami Dolphins (1970-74). He had a driver's license, insurance policies and personal checks as apparent proof. Snapshots found in the trunk of his car showed him holding up jerseys from the Packers and Dolphins with Fleming's number on them. He explained why he thought Vince Lombardi was a better coach than Don Shula. And he told of how Jim Mandich had beat him out in Miami, and of how he still resented it.

"How were we supposed to know he wasn't the real Marv Fleming?" says Natchitoches Detective Larry Vaughn

"He didn't have his Super Bowl ring on, but then again, he was posing as a basketball player."

The local police checked him out by calling the number of the real Marv Fleming in Marina del Rey, Calif. Fleming, 41, is now an actor who does commercials—"I have perfect teeth," he says—and had a one-line speaking part in *Heaven Can Wait*. "Hey, Mr. Farnsworth, did you ever play college football?" He had just come back from shooting rapids on the Colorado River.

"Hey, babe," he'd said to his girl friend, Karma Anderson, earlier that day when she'd met him at the airport. "What's happening?"

"Don't you know what's happening?" Anderson had snarled.

"Huh?"

"Bill Russell?"

"Bill Russell?" Fleming had repeated.

"Did he... did he die?"

When she showed him a newspaper account of what had happened, Fleming's reaction had been, "Uh oh, he's at it

continued



Trotter/Fleming/Russell/Mackey has spread a lot of baloney around during his wanderings.

again. That guy's been living off my name since 1974." But Fleming's lawyer advised him to keep his mouth shut, so when the Natchitoches police called, Fleming told them, "Marv Fleming isn't available."

"I can tell you why Mr. Fleming's not available," said the cop excitedly. "We have him locked up three blocks down the street in jail. Ain't that right, boys? We got him. We got him." Apparently, this case was fast becoming the biggest thing to hit Natchitoches since Jim Croce's plane crashed there 10 years ago.

Finally, Fleming relented and told the police that he was Marv Fleming. The police tested him. "Who beat you out?" asked the cop. "Our Fleming says Jim Mandich."

"Mandich didn't beat me out," Fleming exploded. "I got traded, and he took my place." Actually, Fleming lost his job when he injured a thigh a year before he was dealt to the Redskins.

Fleming can't understand how anyone could mistake an overweight con man for him. "I mean, I'm handsome," he says. "I've heard this Trotter is pig-ugly. And I'm too intelligent to tell somebody I cut 10 inches off my leg. For \$2,500? No way."

Fleming became aware that someone was using his name during the 1974 season. Sitting in the Dolphins' locker room reading fan mail, he came upon a bill for a week's stay in an Oakland hotel. "I thought, wait a minute. That couldn't be. I was in Europe then." The hotel told him that somebody claiming to be Marv Fleming, the football player, had stayed there. Later that year he got a letter from a woman in Oakland that said, "The baby has arrived." He called her and said, "You've got the wrong guy."

Trotter impersonated Fleming three years ago in Tyler, Texas and on that occasion was arrested for selling phony stock in NFL teams. That time he said he was really John Mackey, the former Baltimore Colt tight end (1963-71). He pleaded guilty to felony theft and was sentenced to three years in prison.

Tyler is about 40 miles from Longview, where the real Fleming was born, and only 10 miles from Lindale, where in May of 1978 the Lindale High newspaper, the *Eagle Eye*, ran an exclusive interview with Trotter entitled: EX-PRO MARV FLEMING TALKS WITH THE EAGLE EYE.

Fleming/Trotter talked expansively to



Trotter said he was a cut-down Russell.

the paper about his best season, 1966, argued that Denver wasn't really a Super Bowl team, said that playing against the Minnesota Vikings was so easy it was "like cutting grass" and told how he gave his first pro paycheck to his mother to buy a house. He also promoted his new venture, Fleming Foods. There was even a photo of the counterfeit Fleming with his "fiancée," Vickie Lynn Banks, a senior at John Tyler High in Tyler. Fleming/Trotter told the interviewer that he'd gotten Vickie Lynn's name and address from the personals column of *Soul Teen* magazine.

"At first," the *Eagle Eye* reported, "Marv says her letters were very short, and he thought she either was 'stupid or couldn't write.' ... Well, one thing led to another, and they have been seeing each other for 23 months now."

"One day he just got up and left," says Banks, who still lives in Tyler. "It was strange. Until I read about him getting arrested in Louisiana. I always thought he was Marv Fleming."

Trotter is willing to talk now, which is

something he didn't do much at a press conference in July. "Listen, Marv or Arthur or whoever you are," Vaughn had said to him then, "would you like to talk to some reporters?"

"Sure," said Trotter. But when he saw the TV cameras, he clammed up.

"Are you the Marv Fleming who played for the Packers and the Dolphins?" was the first question.

"I'll take the Fifth Amendment," he said.

"Are you Arthur Lee Trotter?"

"I'll take the Fifth Amendment."

"What's the Fifth Amendment?" he was asked after invoking it more times than a Watergate burglar.

"I don't want to talk about it."

"That's pretty close, Marv," said Vaughn.

Trotter now sits in Cell 6-B in his bright-orange prison issues and explains how everybody got it wrong. He says Arthur Lee Trotter is just an "a.k.e. [sic] alias. I haven't used that since I was a peewee." He says he sometimes goes by Bill Russell because "My foster father's name was William T. Russell; Bill Russell and I grew up in Oakland together, and young kids in the neighborhood used to call me Billy The Kid." Besides, he insists, his real name is Marv Xavier Fleming. The former Packer's middle name is Lawrence.

As for posing as Mackey, he just giggles. "I don't know," he says. "That's a new one on me."

Actually, he says, he played tight end for five years in the Canadian Football League.

Which team?

"Heh, heh," he says, flashing a broad and fishy grin. "Ain't no way you can get me to tell you that!"

And how about that shin surgery?

"They were supposed to take eight inches out of just the one leg," he says earnestly, "but it looked stupid having one side of me 6' 11" and the other 6' 3". So they sawed off part of my left shin to make my legs even."


"It's a sham, a whitewash, a frame-up," he shouts with curious glee. "I'm being persecuted because Natchitoches is a Jim Crow, KKK town." It's sure not an Arthur Lee Trotter, a.k.e. town.

He says it'll all be clear when his lawyer arrives.

Who's that?

"Melvin Belli," he says.

END



WE'VE CUT WARDROBE PROBLEMS FOR BIG AND TALL MEN DOWN TO SIZE.

The Sears Big and Tall Men's Specialty Catalog for Fall offers 96 pages of fitting solutions for men up to six feet seven inches tall, waists up to sixty inches.

Oxford cloth button-down shirts (shown left, \$16 to \$19). Rugged work clothes. The exclusive Arnold Palmer menswear line: golf and tennis wear. Levi's® jeans.

And footwear from work shoes to casual to full dress.

The quality, value and selection are what you expect from Sears. Get your Big and Tall Men's Catalog at your nearest Sears Catalog Department. Then use your Sears Credit Card to make small work out of big men's shopping.

TAKE ANOTHER LOOK.

Sears
CATALOG

Please send:

- ☐ 39¢ 7609 Sears Big and Tall Men's Catalog \$1 ship/handlg.
☐ Check or money order enclosed.
☐ Charge on Sears Charge # _____

Order must be signed: _____

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Send coupon to:
Sears, Roebuck and Co., D-139
925 South Human Ave., Chicago, IL 60607

© Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1983



Every time George Hendrick comes to bat in St. Louis' Busch Stadium, his likeness is projected onto the giant color screen in right centerfield. For a moment, his countenance seems full of menace and power. But, like the terrible head of the Wizard of Oz, it's only a mask. At a closer glance, the illusion dis-

hows a face that hardly ever smiles for a camera and a policy of almost never talking to a notebook or a microphone. He may be the ballplayer's ballplayer, but he'll never belong to the public.

This much is known about Hendrick: He pals around with the Los Angeles Lakers, he hits with an M-253 Joe Morgan Model Louisville Slugger (34 inches, 31 ounces), he likes to watch soap operas; he loves automobiles; he's fond of children; he's superstitious, and he wears the bottoms of his uniform pants down low, over the stirrups. He has also been at or near the top of the National League batting leaders most of the season. As of Sunday, he was at .319, chasing Bill Madlock of the Pirates, the league leader at

by Steve Wulf

hanging curveball. Because he doesn't talk, others will just have to talk for him.

Almost directly below the huge Colorboard in Busch Stadium sits the George Hendrick Fan Club. The members of the fan club all belong to the Hohn family from Collinsville, Ill., which is about 15 miles east of St. Louis. Counting Robert, the father, and Toni, the mother, there are eight Hohns. They show up early to claim the first row of the bleachers and unfurl their *WE LOVE YOU, GEORGE* banner, which has to be rolled up before the game starts.

The Hohns discovered the real George

To know him is to love him

A lot of folks are high on the Cards' George Hendrick, despite his low profile



Hendrick led St. Louis into the stretch with a .319 average, 17 homers and 85 RBIs.

appears. You can detect twinkles in Hendrick's eyes, and if you stare long enough, you can see the corners of his mouth turning in a northerly direction. When the Wizard was found out, he said, "I am a humbug." And so is Hendrick.

After 13 years in the major leagues, Hendrick remains a mystery, hiding be-

hind a face that hardly ever smiles for a camera and a policy of almost never talking to a notebook or a microphone. He may be the ballplayer's ballplayer, but he'll never belong to the public.

This much is known about Hendrick: He pals around with the Los Angeles Lakers, he hits with an M-253 Joe Morgan Model Louisville Slugger (34 inches, 31 ounces), he likes to watch soap operas; he loves automobiles; he's fond of children; he's superstitious, and he wears the bottoms of his uniform pants down low, over the stirrups. He has also been at or near the top of the National League batting leaders most of the season. As of Sunday, he was at .319, chasing Bill Madlock of the Pirates, the league leader at

Hendrick at spring training in St. Petersburg, Fla. Robert, employed by Action Data Services, recounts meeting Hendrick: "Carol, she's the 13-year-old, is very outgoing, and she sort of singled George out last year. You can talk to the players through the fence down there, and he ended up taking her out on the field and giving her a cap. This spring Carol asked us if we could take George to dinner, and we said, 'He's not going to want to go to dinner with us.' Two days later Carol came back and said that George and Tino Landrum [now an Oriole] had accepted her invitation."

The Hohn children are delightful, but they all seem to speak at once, so it's hard to make out which one is saying what. On this particular evening in the bleachers, the participants in the discussion are Carol, Ann, 16; Amy, 10; and Bobby, 2.

"We had spaghetti and salad at dinner, and George had two helpings."

"Then we drove in his Mercedes."

"He bought some vanilla candles."

"Yeah, he said he didn't like the smell in his hotel room."

"He's really nice."

Jim Frey, the first base coach for the New York Mets, decided to stinke up a

conversation with Hendrick one day in June, soon after Hendrick had started to play that position. Says Frey: "I didn't know him, but for 10 years I'd heard these stories about him—how he didn't talk to the press, stuff like that. But I'm a friendly sort of guy, so I asked him, 'George, how do you like first base?' Now I'm expecting him to say something like, 'What the hell does it matter to you?'"

"Well, out comes this voice that's soft and articulate-like. He sounded like a nun. He says, 'Well, Jim, my teammates have been so helpful they've made the transition easy.'"

"Now I'm knocking my head because I don't know if I'm hearing right. But I was—George is just something other than what people said he was."

Hendrick is almost as popular with opposing players as he is with his teammates. In June the Pirates and Cardinals emptied their benches and a beanball-incited skirmish began. Hendrick paired off with Madlock, and the two engaged in a hilarious imitation of a brawl. In fact, it was so funny that some of the other players stopped to watch, and the fight died of laughter.

Says Chris Chambliss of the Braves, "He is absolutely the friendliest, most outgoing person you'll ever meet."

Hendrick has been known to go upstairs after a game in Busch Stadium to where the young Cardinal fans wait for autographs and escort some of them downstairs for a tour of the clubhouse. He'll say, holding his hand out waist high, "I'll take anybody to the clubhouse who can walk under my hand." Then he'll say "C'mon" even to the kids who don't qualify.

"In 40 years in this business, I've never met a finer young man," says Angel Executive Vice-President Buzzie Bavasi, who was president of the Padres when they acquired Hendrick from the Indians at the 1976 winter meetings. "When I gave the Padres my resignation, George did something I've never had another player do. He called me and wanted to know if I needed any money."

St. Louis values Hendrick not only for what he does on the field, which is considerable, but for what he does in the clubhouse. Ozzie Smith, Hendrick's close



The helmet and pants are distinctively different.

est friend on the team, says, "He's an unselfish person, a happy person. The biggest joke is when they call him Silent George. He stirs up more fun in the clubhouse. . . ."

As if on cue, Hendrick sneaks up behind Pitcher Joaquin Andujar, who is passing a box of special World Series baseballs around the clubhouse to be autographed. Hendrick starts taking the balls and scattering them all over the room. "George, I thought you were my amigo," says Andujar.

"Not as long as you keep pitching the way you've been pitching," says Hendrick, who quickly adds, "You're still my amigo, Joaquin."

Says Manager Whitey Herzog, with that special eloquence known only to baseball, "The guy's a helluva guy."

The Hohns:

"His favorite soap opera is *All My Children*."

"We go down to see him sometimes before the game."

"He doesn't like to have his picture taken, though. . . ."

Hendrick's aversion to the press started when he was with Cleveland, from 1973 to '76. For obvious reasons, the details remain a little sketchy. But Hendrick felt that some of the older players resented his remarks—back then he was known as an honest, articulate and colorful interviewee—so he decided that he wouldn't talk after games, only before. Some writers, though, were not aware of his new rules, and when he politely begged off, they took offense. At least one of them ripped him for not talking. So, Hendrick thought, I won't talk at all. Once burned, forever shy.

His stand has been about as consistent as his swing, which is very consistent. He has spoken for the record only a few times since: after he was traded to San Diego, after he was traded to St. Louis in 1978 and after he signed a five-year, \$2.5-million contract extension in February of 1979. At the press conference announcing that signing, the subject of talking to the media came up and Hendrick said, "I don't dislike anybody in this room, although some of you may think differently. If I have something to say, I'll say it, but it's hard for me to talk to reporters. It's a

matter of my freedom. . . . I don't know whom I can trust and whom I can't trust, and I don't want to spend the time and energy to distinguish between the two. My policy has been to let you write what you're going to write. I won't be rude. If I don't have anything to say, I'll say, 'No comment.'"

Rick Hummel of the *Post-Dispatch* in St. Louis is friendly with Hendrick, and Hendrick occasionally opens up to him. Says Hummel, "This spring, when George started working out at first base, he thought the fans should know just why he was doing it, so he allowed himself to be quoted. He'll do that sometimes if it's something he thinks needs explaining."

Hendrick's stance is probably one part principle and one part convenience, and his agent, Ed Keating, has given up trying to talk him out of it. But the silence has left Hendrick underappreciated and misunderstood. Through Sunday Hendrick had 17 homers and 85 RBIs to go with that .319 average.

Herzog calls Hendrick "the best night-

continued

fielder in the National League," and his teammates say he has never missed a cut-off man. But these days he's playing first base in place of the traded Keith Hernandez. Hendrick volunteered to play first in spring training because he thought he would be traded and wanted Hernandez, who has five Gold Gloves, to teach him to play first before he left. When Herzog decided he had to trade one of the two, he chose to keep Hendrick.

Hendrick was a little apprehensive about taking over at first base. After his debut, Hummel wondered if he was nervous. Hendrick, true to his word, didn't say anything. But he did open his mouth in mock horror and put his heart. He has done a creditable job, despite his seven errors, and although he lacks the range and grace of Hernandez, he does hold one advantage. "He's tall enough," says Ozzie Smith, "so that I don't have to worry about coming down over the ball when I throw it."



Hendrick opens up easily around teammates, fans—even opponents—but not the media.

Nobody has ever questioned Hendrick's baseball instincts, although they have questioned his hustle. His problem has been that he only goes as hard as he has to. In an interview he gave to Hummel after the 1979 season, Hendrick said, "I've been criticized about my style of play ever since I came up here. Some people call it lazy. Some call it lackadaisical. Some people call it graceful."

Hendrick was always a natural. He grew up in central Los Angeles, which

has come to be sort of the Emerald City of baseball talent. Hendrick didn't play ball at Fremont High because of a run-in he had as a freshman with the junior varsity coach. But he did play on the Pirate Rockies, an amateur team.

Bob Zuk, who is now a Phillies West Coast scout, was the first scout to spot Hendrick, when Zuk was working for the A's in 1966. On Zuk's recommendation the A's, who had the first pick in the January 1968 draft, made Hendrick their No. 1 choice. Zuk then had two problems: 1) persuading Hendrick, who was headed for junior college, to sign, and 2) keeping A's owner Charlie Finley out of the picture because he kept calling and offending George's mother. Finally, Zuk signed Hendrick for \$20,000, a \$4,000 Pontiac and the promise to bring his mother up to Oakland for the '68 opener.

Hendrick excelled at every level of the minors. In 1971, after hitting 21 homers in just 63 games at Triple A Iowa, he was

his talent. Frank Robinson took over the Indians in '75, and Hendrick responded with 167 RBIs in two seasons. But on Dec. 8, 1976 the Indians traded him to San Diego for Outfielder Johnny Grubb, Catcher Fred Kendall and Shortstop Hector Torres.

"When we made the deal," says Bavasi, "Cleveland writers said we'd made a mistake, that Hendrick was a problem player, but I found out that that wasn't true." Hendrick had a terrific year in 1977, with 23 homers, 81 RBIs and a .311 average. But in '78 he got off to a slow start, and, in another bad trade, the Indians sent him to St. Louis for Pitcher Eric Rasmussen.

"We all have bulls signed by George."

"And he gave all of us hats."

"Show him your hat, Bobby."

The 2-year-old takes off his hat, and under the bill, clear as day, is the autograph, "George Hendrick." Bobby smiles and says something that sounds like "Jaws Hendik."

What else is there to tell about Jaws Hendik? He lives in Diamond Bar, Calif. His 13-year-old son, Brian, is more than 6 feet tall and could be in the NBA before long, and his 8-year-old son, Damon, is an NFL prospect. Hendrick and his wife are separated. He has three cars—a Volvo, a Porsche and a Model T Ford—plus a Dodge van. Keating has some of Hendrick's money invested in racehorses. Hendrick is a basketball fanatic and is friends with almost all the Lakers, particularly Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Magic Johnson. He sent Magic a Cardinals cap, and Magic sent him a good-luck telegram before the second game of the Series. He has no Cardinal insignia on his batting helmet because he once had a good night when the decal was omitted after the helmet had been repainted. He dresses in a well-protected corner of the locker room. On his locker there is a plaque that says WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY. NOW WATCH SOME BASTARD LOUSE IT UP.

And he's a man only a few select people, like the Hofms, have gotten to know.

"He tells us stories about the other players and how they kid each other."

"Sometimes he makes little bets with Pete Rose and Steve Garvey."

"I don't know if we should be telling you all of this."

"Yeah, George might not like it."

Probably not. But then, who's to say.

continued



*\$10,800. MSRP's sugg. retail price includes a 12-month unlimited mileage, limited warranty. Transp., tax, license, dealer prep add'l.

Introducing the Wolfsburg Limited Edition Scirocco. For people who are hungry for power.

In Germany, where sophisticated high performance autos covart on autobahns without speed limits, there is a new challenger.

As drivers are passed by what at first seems like an apparition they mutter "ausgezeichnet!"

Which car is becoming the envy of the German motoring cognoscenti?

A Volkswagen Scirocco.
And now there is a new limited edition Scirocco in America.

It has a new 1.8-liter engine, a new close ratio five-speed transmission, and ventilated front disc brakes.

Its suspension is so sophisticated that it's faster than a Ferrari through the slalom.

Still, with all its sophistication and speed this Wolfsburg Limited Edition Scirocco is the lowest priced German sports car you can buy.

Ausgezeichnet?
Ausgezeichnet, yes indeed!

Scirocco's own lives.

Nothing else is a Volkswagen



INSIDE PITCH

Through September 11
by HERM WEISKOPF

Baltimore's Jim Palmer, who maintained a low profile during his first three starts after coming off a 50-day stint on the disabled list last month, spoke up last week after going 7½ strong innings during an 8-1 victory over Boston. "I feel better every game," Palmer said. "I just have to get to the point where I'm confident of going seven or eight innings in a close game. I think that I'm just about there. Now I have to go out and do it." And what better time for the Orioles than during the heat of the race?

Montreal's Andre Dawson became a 100-RBI man for the first time in his eight-year career when on Sept. 6 he hit his first homer in 14 days. Dawson missed the Expos' next game after fluid was drained from his left knee for the fourth time this year. . . . Leon Durham's disappointing season for the Cubs ended when he suffered his third injury of the year, a broken thumb. Durham, who batted .312 last season, finished 1983 at .258. . . . "Bob Lillis has to be the manager of the century for the job he's done with Houston this season," says St. Louis skipper Whitey Herzog. . . . Since becoming the Astros' leadoff hitter following the trade of Omar Moreno to the Yankees, rookie Bill Doran has raised his average from .247 to .273. . . . After Montreal teammate Al Oliver had hit his

second grand slam in nine days, Warren Cromartie said, "That's seven or eight RBIs." . . . Johnny Bench of the Reds passed up a chance to be traded to the Cardinals earlier this season. "I wouldn't sacrifice my association with Cincinnati to go to St. Louis for two or three months," Bench explained.

The Angels' drop to fifth place this season sustains a team pattern that dates back to California's entry into the Ameri-

OOOPS!

During the early innings of a 5-2 loss to Los Angeles, Cincinnati Pitcher Mario Soto was at odds with home-plate Umpire Bruce Froemming about many ball-strike calls. In the sixth inning, Soto took a throw at first base to retire Rick Monday, who had grounded the ball to Cincy First Baseman Dan Driessen. On the play, Greg Brock of the Dodgers advanced from second to third, Soto then lingered at first base to badger Umpire Harry Wendelstedt about Froemming's calls. While Soto held the ball and argued, Brock stroled from third to home. Froemming ruled that the run counted because time had not been called, and the official scorer ruled that Brock had scored on a fielder's choice.

can League in 1961. During their 23 years the Angels have had successive .500-or-better records only once (1978-79). After finishing atop the American League West for the first time in '79, California had a 44-game won-lost swing, from 38-74 to 65-95. The Angels, who wound up first again last year, are in the throes of another flip-flop, a 39-game turnaround, from 63-69 to 64-79.

For Reggie Jackson, it's likely to be the first time since his rookie season with the Kansas City A's in 1967 that his team has finished at less than .500 and only the fourth time in 17 years that he has been on a club lower than second.

After Shortstop Jerry Dybzinski of the White Sox took a throw from Pitcher Richard Dotson to pick Boston's Carl Yastrzemski off second, he said, "I wouldn't have done it to a legend like that if it was spring training, but we needed the out." . . . One of the youngest players in the Class A Midwest League, 18-year-old Milwaukee farmhand Juan Nieves (St. May 9), overwhelmed opposing batters this past season. Nieves, who

didn't join the Beloit (Wis.) Brewers until July 2, was 7-1 (the loss was 1-0), gave up only 43 hits and 15 walks in 69½ innings, struck out 89 hitters and had a 1.29 ERA. . . . The White Sox, who have virtually locked up the American League West race, have invited a former owner of the club and the grandson and son of two others to throw out the first balls during championship series games at Comiskey Park: Bill Veeck, Chuck Comiskey and John Allyn Jr.

An apparent blunder by Mike Schmidt of the Phillies last week turned out to be one of the headiest plays of the season. It all began when Schmidt was on first base and Reliever Willie Hernandez was on second with two out in the top of the 10th of a 3-3 game against the Pirates. When Pittsburgh Reliever Jim Bibby, a righthander, threw a wild pitch, Hernandez scampered to third, but Schmidt stayed at first. Schmidt's rationale was that if he'd advanced, too, the Bucs might have intentionally walked the batter, Joe Lefebvre, whom Schmidt wanted to keep at bat. Lefebvre, after all, is a left-handed hitter, and the man on deck, Garry Maddox, was a righty. Lefebvre made Schmidt look good by singling in Hernandez with the run that put the Phillies briefly into first place.

While Willie Wilson was on the disabled list with a broken knuckle, the Royals were 8-14 and fell from eight games out to 14 back. . . . When talk surfaced that the Mets might want to ask K.C. for permission to talk to Manager Dick Howser about being their skipper next year, Royals General Manager John Schuerholz said, "I wouldn't give it. We fully intend to have him back."

The success of underhanders Kent Tekulve of the Pirates and Dan Quisenberry

BALL PARK FIGURES

Here are the pitchers to watch in what's turning out to be an unusually close competition for the Cy Young Awards:

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Richard Denson, Chi	17-7 3.69 ERA
Ron Guidry, N.Y.	18-8 3.59 ERA
LaMarr Hoyt, Chi	20-10 3.83 ERA
Scott McGrew, Balt	17-6 3.05 ERA
Jack Morris, Det	18-10 3.20 ERA
Dan Quisenberry, K.C.	5-3 1.94 3B S

NATIONAL LEAGUE

John Denny, Phil	14-6 2.44 ERA
Jesse Orosco, N.Y.	13-6 1.37 1B S
Steve Rogers, Mont	17-9 2.90 ERA
Nolan Ryan, Hou	13-7 2.63 ERA

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

RUDY LAW: The White Sox centerfielder went 15 for 33 (.455), had three doubles, one triple, one home run and six stolen bases, drove in three runs and scored 12 as Chicago won seven straight games.

of the Royals has prompted San Diego's Gary Lucas to experiment with a submarine delivery in the hope that he might become the first left-handed reliever to successfully use that motion.

Introducing CENTURY

Taste that delivers

IN THE MONEY SAVING

25 pack



Low Tar

Regular

Not available in all areas.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine,
FILTER: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method.



The most important breakthrough in getting you to the ball since the foot.

The new Etonic Catalyst is radically different from all conventional tennis shoes. But the principle behind it is as old as the foot itself.

When you study tennis players playing barefoot, as we did, examining many hours of slow motion film, you draw two inescapable conclusions.

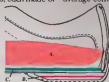
One: playing barefoot, you have greater mobility because the front and rear of the foot move independently. Two: you get to the ball much quicker when your weight is forward on the balls of your feet. These two facts have been consistently overlooked in the design of all conventional tennis shoes. Omissions



that the Etonic Catalyst has been designed to correct.

To make your shoe and your foot move as one and to increase your mobility, we split the sole of the Catalyst into two parts, each made of super-tough Nitrile rubber for maximum durability.

Then we designed the Catalyst to keep you as close to the ground as possible which gives you greater stability and a reduced risk of injury. And we made the Catalyst without conventional heel lifts



A. Dr. McGregor Foot Cradle B. Dynamic Reaction Plate C. Super Soft Shock Liner

so you automatically assume a "dynamic stance" with your weight on the balls of your feet.

Add to that a Dynamic Reaction Plate and the Dr. Rob Roy McGregor

Foot Cradle for extra comfort and protection in the heel, and what have you got? One of the world's lightest tennis shoes (a men's size 9 weighs a mere 9.9 ounces compared to the average conventional shoe weighing 15 ounces).

A tennis shoe so comfortable you'll feel like you're playing barefoot (which is, of course, the whole idea). In short, a tennis shoe that will help you play better tennis.

We're so sure the Catalyst will live up to its promise, we're offering a money-back guarantee.*

So don't take our word for it, try the new Etonic Catalyst. The sooner you get to your store, the faster you'll get to the ball.

* Introductory offer, see your participating dealer for details.



The Etonic Catalyst

Etonic
Winning never felt better.

by Douglas S. Looney

It was halftime of the Arizona-Utah game last Saturday night in Tucson, and although the home-standing Wildcats were ahead 14-0, they'd had a frustrating, uninspired and erratic time of it. Coach Larry Smith zoomed in on the problem when he addressed his troops. "We let them have all the fun the first half," said Smith. "Now it's our turn."

Whereupon the Cats rushed back to the field and frolicked to a 38-0 victory. Make no mistake, Arizona—for the first time in its long and largely unstoried football history—is a national power (2-0, ranked third by SI), perhaps the cream of the Pac-10 and not a bad long-shot bet to be the best in the land.

Thus, it seems the cruelest possible irony that the Arizona football program is on probation, sentenced four months ago to no bowl appearances after this season or next and no television appearances in '84 or '85. The Wildcats' sins, most of which they pleaded guilty to, had to do with big-time cheating committed between 1971 and '79.

This is the first time since Arizona started playing football in 1899 that a no-bowl, no-TV penalty would matter. Consider that the Cats have never been to a major bowl and have lost in all four of their appearances in minor ones; that none of their regular-season games has ever been televised nationally; and that they haven't won their conference title outright since 1936, when they were in the old Border Conference.

And because the NCAA list of Arizona's violations extends back to '71, it means that some of the current Cats who are paying for the infractions were 6 years old when the offenses were committed. Smith, who arrived in 1980 from Tulane, gets to pick up the pieces. Though he's furious that the NCAA fiddled around so long before lowering the boom—its investigation began in '80—Smith has gone forward stoically. He has a sign outside his office that he put up his first year, outlining the five goals of Arizona football. Point 3 used to read: WIN THE PAC-10 AND THE ROSE BOWL.

Smith put a piece of black tape over



The prickliest pair of linebackers around: Wildcats Ricky (left) and Lamonte Hurley.

The power but no glory

Arizona may be on probation, but it sure can bowl over opponents

"and the Rose Bowl." Actually, the Cats are ineligible for the league title as well, but should they have the best record, that accomplishment would reside forevermore in the players' memories as a Pac-10 championship season.

Arizona's chances are good because it has a schedule rated between a marshmallow and a cream puff, depending on how you feel about Utah, Cal State-Fullerton and Colorado State. Also, its football team is a marvelous mixture of a can-do offense guided by Quarterback Tom Tunncliffe, a splendid kicking game, and, most of all, a clawing and experienced defense.

Indeed, there are times when the Cats play defense like they invented it. Against Utah, Arizona gave up a stingy 87 yards rushing and 78 passing while picking off two interceptions, including

one by Cornerback Randy Robbins for 37 yards and a touchdown, blocking its second punt in two weeks and being generally menacing. Now, this kind of performance against Utah, a team that's likely to lose again—as is Oregon State, which the Cats thrashed 50-6 in the season opener—won't be the ultimate test. That's why Defensive Tackle Ivan Lesnik says of his line, "We're the Iron Curtain, I tell you. But we want that to be self-evident, not self-proclaimed."

What's already self-evident is that Arizona's defense is likely to get increasingly tougher, thanks to senior Inside Linebacker and team motivator Ricky Hurley, the first All-America Arizona has ever had, and the fellow who plays beside him, his brother, Lamonte, a junior. They are Fire and Smoke, Mean and Nasty, Gotcha Now and Getcha Later. "I want to run through people," says Ricky. "I want a hit you'll hear for days. I dream, I mean dream, of hitting a wide receiver in midair. Something hellacious. If a team has no business on the field with us, I want to let 'em know it."

Adds Lamonte, "I've got a long way to go before I'm as great a player as Ricky." But, in fact, not all that long away. Stung by criticism from Defensive Coordinator

continued

Moe Ankray that he'd played soft against Oregon State. Lamonte created wrecks all over Arizona Stadium on Saturday—16 tackles, one pass broken up, two hits for losses and one interception. You can bet that whatever Lamonte does, he learned it back in Petersburg, Va. from Ricky, who made 11 tackles as the Utes tried to stay away from him. They are two of 11 kids in a family that also took in foster children. Money was always short, but somehow the Hunleys' mother, Scarlett, found a way to manage. Recalls Ricky, "Scarlette always said, 'Hungry stomachs make sticky fingers.' So there was always food."

Ricky came to Arizona at the urging of an assistant coach at the local high school, Bob Odenwelder, who had played at Arizona in 1961. Says Smith, "He's the finest linebacker I've ever coached or seen." And how does Smith rate Lamonte? "He's just like Ricky."

In the Arizona scheme of things, the defense is designed to set up the tackles for the two inside linebackers. Thus far in his career, Ricky has 231 unassisted and 173 assisted tackles. "The reason I like to hit," he explains, "is that it's so much better than being hit." Utah Coach Chuck Stobart was suitably impressed.

"I've never seen a better linebacker than Ricky Hunley," he said. "His brother isn't too bad, either."

On the other side of the ball, Tunncliffe was also impressive with a 17-for-26 passing performance, good for 298 yards—in only three quarters of action. That moved him up to eighth on the list of all-time Pac-10 passers in yardage. Tunncliffe passed for one touchdown, a four-yarder in the fourth quarter to Tight End Mark Witek. The Cats' other three TDs came on two short runs by Vance Johnson and one by Tailback Phil Freeman. Having repeatedly heard, as have so many others, that at 6 feet he's too short to play quarterback, Tunncliffe says, "I'll be a lot taller when I'm standing on top of my victories."

So will everyone else connected with Arizona football. The idea of paying for crimes committed by someone else is hardly what made America great, but Lamonte brushes it off, saying, "Aaah, it was something people I don't even know did a long time ago." Ricky is similarly calm. "Every day there's a new day and another one that's gone. But the most important thing is, our defense is going to get better, a lot better—and just wait until Lamonte gets good."

Fullback Courtney Griffin's carry of 11 yards was the Wildcats' longest against the Utes.



THE WEEK

by N. BROOKS CLARK

MIDWEST Top-ranked Michigan won its opener over Washington State, but just barely. Playing without Quarterback Steve Smith, who bruised his right shoulder in practice two weeks ago, the Wolverines trailed 17-14 at the fourth quarter when Tailback Rick Rogers went 52 yards down the left sideline to the Cougar 16-yard line. Three plays later, second-string Quarterback David Hall swept four yards around left end for the score. The post-after attempt failed, and Michigan led 20-17. Washington State went for the tie with 2:16 remaining, but John Traut's 38-yard field-goal attempt was wide.

Before facing Oregon, Ohio State practiced running against the Ducks' eight-man front. Oregon, however, came out in a four-man defensive line, which befuddled the Buckeye blockers and shut down their rushing attack. The result? Mike Tomczak completed 21 of 25 passes for 273 yards and four touchdowns to give Ohio State a 31-6 victory. Buckeye Coach Earle Bruce had just one word for his six tailbacks, who combined for a mere 89 yards in 27 carries. "Lousy."

Tailback problems didn't plague Nebraska, Iowa and Notre Dame, each of which got four touchdowns from a running back. The Cornhuskers won their 12th game in a row, defeating Wyoming 56-20, as Mike Rozier scored four TDs and had 191 yards rushing. Rozier could have stayed in the game past the third quarter and run for even more yardage, explained Coach Tom Osborne, "but I want to keep him sharp. We weren't trying to pump up his stats."

Anticipating scorching heat in Purdue's Ross-Ade Stadium—the temperature at kickoff was 102°—Notre Dame Coach Gerry Faust decided early last week to alternate defensive lines and entire offensive units. The Boilermakers threw four interceptions and lost three fumbles to the fresh Irish, and Notre Dame Tailback Greg Bell got three touchdowns on short runs and one on a nine-yard pass reception. The final N.D. 52, Purdue 6. In Iowa's 51-10 rout of Iowa State, Tailback Owen Gill scored four times on rushes ranging from one to 38 yards.

Trailling Duke 10-8 with 7:42 to play, Indiana Coach Sam Wyche shelved his 49er-style passing offense and went to the quarterback option. Starting from their own 16-yard line, the Hoosiers ran eight times in nine plays and scored when Tailback Bobby Howard went eight yards with a pitch. Northwestern Linebacker Mike Guendling assessed the Wildcats' 34-0 loss to Washington as follows: "Our legs weren't moving as fast as theirs."

continued



TEAM UP, AMERICA!

Invest In the Olympic Dream



Some athletes have already been selected to represent the United States in 1984 at the Winter Games in Yugoslavia and the Summer Games in Los Angeles. Others are waiting in the wings. Training. Day in, day out. Sacrificing and delaying other goals for that chance to fulfill their Olympic dreams. And behind them are thousands and thousands of others. Young Americans sharing the same dream for future Olympics. Some began working toward it years ago. Others started yesterday. More will start tomorrow. If you were thrilled by the 1980 U.S. Olympic Hockey Team's Gold Medal victory at Lake Placid—if you remember Jesse Owens, Peggy Fleming, Bruce Jenner, and shared in their triumphs—if your eyes get teary and your heart swells with pride when the

American flag rises over the heads of our Olympic heroes to the tune of our own national anthem, then we know you'll want to invest in the Olympic dreams of America's youth.

Training is expensive. If American athletes are to continue to compete in the Olympics on a par with athletes of other nations they'll need all the help you can give.

Start today. Send a \$25.00 contribution and you'll receive this handsome full color appointment book. It's loaded with photos of our top Olympic prospects. Or, for a \$15.00 gift, we'll send you this colorful glass "whatnot" tray for office and home. It even registers the room temperature! Act now. Our Olympic hopefuls promise your investment will pay off.

Yes! I want to invest in the Olympic dream.
Enclosed is my check or money order made payable to the
U.S. Olympic Committee for:

- ☐ \$25 for the 1984 Olympic Appointment Book
☐ \$15 for the "Whatnot" Temperature Tray
☐ \$40 for both

My name _____

My address _____

(Send with your gift to U.S.O.C., Fund 51, Colorado Springs
CO 80950. Please allow six weeks for delivery.)

SI TOP 20

1. MICHIGAN (1-0)	1*
2. NEBRASKA (2-0)	2
3. ARIZONA (2-0)	3
4. AUBURN (1-0)	4
5. TEXAS (0-0)	5
6. FLORIDA STATE (2-0)	6
7. OKLAHOMA (1-0)	7
8. NORTH CAROLINA (2-0)	8
9. NOTRE DAME (1-0)	10
10. OHIO STATE (1-0)	10
11. GEORGIA (1-0)	13
12. ALABAMA (1-0)	14
13. IOWA (1-0)	16
14. WEST VIRGINIA (2-0)	18
15. MARYLAND (1-0)	19
16. FLORIDA (1-0-1)	—
17. USC (0-0-1)	0
18. BOSTON COLL. (2-0)	—
19. LSU (0-1)	12
20. UCLA (0-1)	17

* Last week

SOUTH Florida State Coach Bobby Bowden prepared his team for its game at Louisiana State in part by playing tapes of screams and yells one day during practice. They came in handy as 79,665 vociferous LSU fans showed up at Tiger Stadium. The first quarter belonged to the Tigers, especially to sophomore Tailback Dalton Hiffard, who ran for 89 yards and scored twice in those 15 minutes. The Seminoles, led by Quarterback Kelly Lowrey, then ran off 33 unanswered points. Tailback Greg Allen, who finished with 201 yards, scored once. LSU got three TDs in the final six minutes, but the Seminoles prevailed 40-35. The teams piled up 1,026 yards of offense—536 by Florida State, 490 by Louisiana State.

In Auburn's 24-3 win over Southern Mississippi, senior Lionel James of the Tigers rushed for 172 yards and one touchdown behind Nicks from Bo Jackson, who had 73 yards and two TDs himself. "I want Lionel drafted as high as possible," said Jackson, a sophomore. "I plan to do that by blocking my butt off this season. I did that tonight."

North Carolina beat surprisingly tough Memphis State 24-10, and Maryland defeated Vanderbilt 21-14. With the score tied 14-14 and the Commodores threatening with 3:24 left in the fourth quarter, Terp Cornerback Lendell Jones picked off a short sideline pass at the Maryland six-yard line. "He does that to me all the time in practice," said Terp Quarterback Boomer Eason, who connected with Tight End Bill Rogers on a 43-yard pass-run play for the winning touchdown with 236 minutes left. South Carolina Punter Chris Norman set an NCAA single-game record in

the Gamecocks' 24-3 victory over Miami of Ohio. Norman kicked six times for a 58.3 average to surpass the mark of 57.6 set by Joe Sartiano of Army in 1981.

In Hickory, N.C., Johnson C. Smith trailed Lenoir-Rhyne 13-10 with less than a minute remaining. On fourth and seven on its own 36-yard line, Smith punted, allowing Lenoir-Rhyne to run out the clock. What happened? "I thought we were in the third quarter," said Smith Coach Wylie Harris. "Hey, it was my mistake. I was thinking completely of something else. I lost a quarter. I don't mind admitting it. It was in the heat of battle."

SOUTHWEST Tulsa's only defeat last season came at Arkansas, by a score of 38-0. This year, with the Golden Hurricane trailing the Razorbacks 17-14 and time running out, Tulsa's Jason Sturovsky snared a 43-yard field goal into a wind that was anything but golden. The kick failed and Arkansas escaped.

In Miami's 19-7 victory at Houston, Hurricane freshman Bernie Konar completed 15 of 26 passes for 197 yards and two touchdowns, while Houston's Lionel Wilson threw four interceptions and lost a fumble. Minnesota beat Rice 21-17 to end its losing streak at eight and exceed the Owls' to 14.

EAST "We stunk today, S-T-U-N-K," said Penn State Linebacker Scott Radecki after the Lions lost 14-3 to Cincinnati. The game marked the debut of Watson Brown, formerly the offensive coordinator at Vanderbilt, as coach of the Bearcats, and was Cincinnati's biggest win ever. "I'm not on the ground," said Brown afterward. "I don't think I'll need a plane to fly home." Bearcat Quarterback Troy Bodine, a transfer from Fullerton (Calif.) J.C., hit 25 of 36 passes for 261 yards, while Penn State's three quarterbacks completed only seven of 25 attempts.

Boston College trailed Clemson 16-3 early in the third quarter but rallied for four unanswered touchdowns behind the running of 5'8" Tailback Troy Stratford, who got 136 of his 179 yards in the second half, and the passing of 5'9" Doug Flutie, who ended up completing 20 of 36 throws for 223 yards after moving his receivers for most of the first half. "There's one lesson you learn in a game like this," said Eagle Coach Jack Becknell. "Never give up on Doug Flutie."

Pitt found itself a quarterback, which is bigger news than its 35-0 victory over Temple. After John Cerningis was hurt in the Panthers' win over Tennessee the week before, Coach Foge Fazio tapped sophomore John Congest to start against the Owls. Congest connected on 15 of 23 passes for 171 yards. West Virginia routed Pacific 48-7 as Jeff Hostetler completed 15 of 24 passes for 213 yards, while Kent State extended its losing streak, the longest in Division

I-A, to 15 by suffering a 22-10 defeat at Syracuse.

Colgate couldn't score any touchdowns against Army's stunting defense but won 15-13 on five field goals—the last from 32 yards with 17 seconds to go—by freshman Mike Powers. Delaware was upset 35-27 by West Chester (Pa.). Three interceptions by senior Cornerback Joe Maids and TD runs of 70 and 20 yards by junior Mike Irving lifted the Golden Rams to their first victory over the Blue Hens since 1956.

WEST With seven seconds to play, USC, which trailed Florida 19-13, was on the Gator 40-yard line. In what appeared to be the final play of the game, Sean Salisbury's pass into the end zone fell incomplete. But Florida was penalized 15 yards for using 12 men on the play. With no time on the clock, Salisbury completed a 25-yard pass to flanker Timmie Ware to tie the score and leave the Trojans an extra point away from victory. "The snap was low," said holder Tim Green. "It hopped and dangled away. By the time I stood up, two guys were right in my face." Final score 19-19.

Oklahoma beat Stanford 27-14, as Sooner Tailback Marcus Dupree gained 138 yards on 24 carries. The good news for the Cardinal was the debut of its highly touted freshman quarterback, John Payne. Entering the game in the fourth quarter, Payne completed five of six passes for 88 yards and a touchdown.

To stop Air Force's "hexbone" option offense, Texas Tech brought seven defenders up

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Florida State Quarterback Kelly Lowrey, a 6'1", 225-pound senior, rushed for three touchdowns, passed for two more and hit on 19 of 31 passes for 233 yards in a 40-35 win over LSU.

DEFENSE: Florida State Safety Tony Lilly, a 6'1", 208-pound senior, made seven unassisted tackles, forced three fumbles, had one sack and broke up a pass in the Gators' 19-19 tie with Southern Cal.

to the line with the secondary close behind. Said Falcon Guard Mark Melcher, "I just said, 'My God! It was as if they were blitzing everybody. I knew if we could punch a hole in them, we could go.' They could and they did. Air Force Quarterback Marty Louhan ran for three scores en route to a 28-13 win.

In Idaho's 43-28 defeat of Southern Colorado, Vandal Quarterback Ken Hobart completed 37 of 59 passes for six touchdowns and set I-AA single-game records for passing yardage (527) and total offense (543). Said Hobart, who also threw four interceptions, "I'd rate my performance a C."

END

Rum. It's What's Happening.

America is switching from vodka and gin to Puerto Rican white rum. It's happening in Monterey and everywhere else.



After a round on the fabulous Public Beach course, there's nothing like a refreshing white rum and tonic. Just ask Cypress Point's Tim Langley and Johnny Pitt of Carmel Valley Ranch.



A pre-brunch white rum Stinky Mary at the scenic Big Sur dunes of Will and Carol Surman.



Monterey residents Kenneth and Virginia Barlen with stales all around and rum on the rocks.



After a lovely doubles match, Tricia Alloria, Theresa Brian, Maureen Duffy and Vince Kellen pause for rum soursiders. Seen with Pebble Beach Tennis Club Pro Andy Brian.



Imagine savoring a rum and tonic on the running board of your own 1925 Rolls-Royce Antique car collector Win Ems.



A party at Carro's Athletic Saloon. Owner Sam Shenberg and Puerto Rican visitors Ricardo and Ingrid Jimenez. With white rum, of course.



Carmel attorney Don Hubbard and his wife Phyllis like white rum with their whitecaps.



Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin can't match. Because it's aged one full year — by law.



Astoria detective Bill Edwards and his wife Jackie take a rum and tonic along on a Saturday afternoon stroll.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

Aged for smoothness and taste.



For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" samples, write Puerto Rican Rum Co., Dept. 1-88, 1280 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10020. ©1983 Government of Puerto Rico.

KING: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, 100's: 17 mg. "tar",
1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

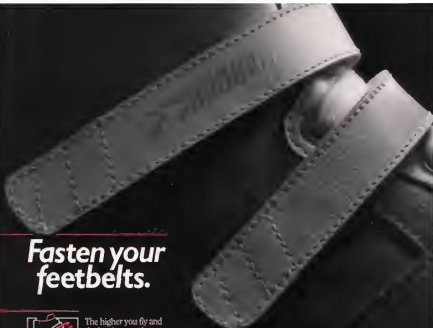
You've got what it takes.

Salem Spirit

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.





Fasten your footbelts.



The Transition's footbelt system wraps your ankles for support and protection.

The higher you fly and the harder you play, the more your feet need footbelts. The ultimate support system that protects your ankles with two self-adhesive straps on the outside. Plus two reinforced nylon bands on the inside.

Together they act just like a trainer's tape.

Footbelts aren't just a showy substitute for lacing. They're an integral part of the new Brooks® Transition. A shoe created to cope with today's harder running, higher jumping player.

A lightweight shoe with a more flexible sole and incredible gripping power. On wood, on asphalt, or whatever surface you play on.

A tougher shoe with a rugged leather upper that supports your foot at all the key stress points.

In short, a shoe that plays the game the way you play the game. To win.

So make the transition and fasten your footbelts. For smoother take-offs, safer landings.

Ask for the new Brooks Transition wherever the best athletic footwear is sold.



The Transition

 **BROOKS**

High performance from the ground up.

by William Taaffe

If CBS-TV had played in this year's U.S. Open, it would not have made it past the quarterfinals. In a sense, CBS proved itself the Yannick Noah of the airwaves—its game fundamentally sound and sometimes brilliant, its words for the most part gracious and well chosen. But like Noah in the quarterfinals, CBS was inconsistent, and its 34 occasionally dreary hours of coverage contained some momentous lapses.

None of these errors, it should be noted, was committed by Brent Musburger. He and producer David Winner were the class of this year's show, transforming CBS's late-evening highlights package into a nightly tour de force complete with live interviews of the day's star players.

Vilas, at that point no longer in the tournament. Disgracefully, this being America's most prestigious tennis tournament, CBS had no cameras in fixed position on any of the outer courts. It's possible the network would have been unwilling to show subordinate matches live, even if the cameras had been available to do so. In any case, the network did choose the ancient-history tapes. Neither did Chirkman have features on lead players ready to roll when the time came to fill. Just hit that tape button. Zzzzzzzzz.

CBS's production was particularly suspect on Labor Day, when Bill Scanlon upset



Chirkman of CBS blew a number of crucial shots

There were some Open holes

Despite having strong players, CBS's tennis telecasts had obvious faults

CBS also deserves kudos for its straightforward coverage of the Open and general lack of glitz. No flashing lights, video clutter or meaningless graphics telling us that Jimmy Connors has gotten his first serve in 76.4714% of the time against Ivan Lendl while wearing mauve clothes in the month of December. Best of all, the CBS announcing crew of Pat Summerall, Tony Trabert, John Newcombe and Virginia Wade is unsurpassed. A major reason: They've stolen a page out of the BBC and HBO book by not talking during points. Ah, silence, golden silence!

CBS's shortcomings turned up mostly when Frank Chirkman, the network's executive producer for golf and tennis, took direct command of the afternoon coverage. Whenever a featured match finished early and CBS was left with time to fill, Chirkman resorted to a familiar crutch: the button on the tape machine. This happened with regularity, but let's take the first Saturday as an example. Chirkman "filled" for upwards of two hours with taped matches, one of which was two days old and involved Guillermo

John McEnroe. This was the important story of the tournament at the time, but Chirkman assigned first-string announcers Newcombe and Trabert to cover the concurrent Mark Dickson-John Lloyd match. There was no way he could have known that Scanlon-McEnroe would turn into the tournament's major upset, but he should have been aware that Scanlon had beaten McEnroe twice before and given him a rough time at Wimbledon this summer. Moreover, the upset made coverage of the postmatch McEnroe press conference imperative. Forget it. Chirkman stayed for a couple of questions and then cut to the final game of Hana Mandlikova's victory over Zina Garrison. CBS even failed to broadcast McEnroe's whinings later on tape—one time those machines could have been put to very good use—nor did it provide viewers any real sense of the bad blood between Scanlon and McEnroe.

Maybe a brushup course in Basic Journalism 101 was in order. CBS all but forgot shots of graphics listing the draw, which would have given viewers an idea of likely matchups later. Chirkman does

deserve applause for his "no-talk-during-points" edict, but he also should have banned chitchat at the moment players started arguing with umpires. At least one exchange between McEnroe and the chair was lost entirely, thanks to old-fashioned unadulterated jabber.

Finally, a few words about two CBS tennis malades: 1) the Big Question Syndrome and 2) Mystery Guest Disease. For two weeks when anybody from CBS interviewed Martina Navratilova, the poor woman would be asked something like "Martina, are you putting any pressure on yourself to win this thing?" Asked repeatedly, it became a cliché even another cliché, not unlike the tape-machine button. Then there was Chirkman's policy of using guest commentators on occasion. Why he couldn't leave the foremost announcing team in tennis alone is anybody's guess, but first Slew Hyster, chairman emeritus of the Open, popped up in the booth, and then Mike Lupica, the New York Daily News columnist. Lupica, whose credentials as a tennis writer were probably unknown to most viewers west of the Hudson River, came across as something of a wise guy. Newcombe and Trabert seemed discomfited by his presence. Lupica's contribution? Proof that a line that's sardonic in print often comes across as nasty, not funny, when spoken on the air. **END**



The Dawning Of A New Day

Bear Bryant's successor as Alabama coach, Ray Perkins, gets off to a good early start in the demanding business of following a legend

by John Underwood

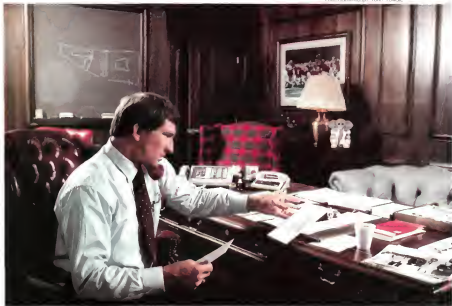


CONTINUED

Ray Perkins

continued

Photo: Kristian (for TIME) TOMSC



The desk is smaller, the rug is new, but Perkins brings a familiar roughness to Bear's old office.

MONDAY

Ray Perkins is busy clearing up some misconceptions. For one, there's no metal plate in his head. The three holes are there all right, but no metal plate. And none of the holes in his head is the one he presumably had to have to take the job at Alabama as Bear Bryant's successor. Perkins thinks it's funny you should remember. The holes don't even show.

The way it was supposed to have happened was that when Perkins first played at Alabama in 1963 he had a head-on collision with another freshman football player at practice. Perkins wound up in the hospital, a previously uncharted constellation spinning around in his brain.

The constellation was diagnosed as a subdural hematoma. Perkins says he remembers how grim that sounded because Ben Casey, a television surgeon of the time, had to deal with one every other week or so. "When they said 'subdural hematoma' I thought, 'Uh-oh.'"

The holes were drilled to relieve the massive blood clot and salvage Perkins' football career and perhaps his life. An ore bucket full of stainless steel supposedly was used to cap off the operation. Bryant himself told the story, and hadn't he taken a room at a hotel near the hospital to better monitor Perkins' progress?

That's right, says Perkins. Except, forget the metal plate. On a clear day, he can't hear Radio Free Europe after all. He says he couldn't have played football

with metal in his head, and all he wanted to do in those days was play football. Now, of course, he only wants to coach football, even from the hottest seat in college sport.

Looking nonetheless cool in his freshly pressed slacks and short-sleeved dress shirt, Perkins is sitting in what used to be Bryant's office in Memorial Coliseum at the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa at T-minus-five days and counting until his first game as Bryant's successor. The game will be with Georgia Tech, an old—and formerly bitter—rival. Except for the paneled walls, the office is mostly new. The desk that Bryant used to loom behind has been replaced by one that is a few square yards smaller. The new rug is elephant gray, like the new sofa, and there are color-coordinated upholstered chairs in gray and crimson stripes and a large stuffed one that is solid crimson.

Like his desk, Perkins, too, is smaller than Bryant. And, of course, they look nothing alike. At 41 Perkins still has brown hair, which he combs in a kind of modified Buster Brown. The Bear's was sparse and gray when he died, at 69, on Jan. 26, just 42 days after Perkins took the job that Bryant had vacated. But there's a haunting reminder of Bryant in Perkins: his piercing blue eyes. Not the way they look, but the hard way they look at you. Card-counting eyes. Eyes of a bird of prey.

"Bryant used to say that to succeed in this business you have to be one-half coach and one-half son of a bitch," a visitor says to Perkins. "How much of an s.o.b. are you?"

Perkins doesn't answer. He lets the question sit there for a minute, the way Bryant used to. "I don't know," Perkins says at last, "but I'm tough enough." To keep people in Alabama happy you have to win, Perkins is told. "We'll win," he says flatly.

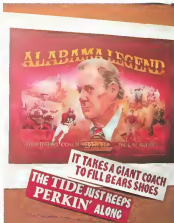
Perkins says the business of legend-following is another misconception that needs clearing up. He has talked to his players about this. He says he wouldn't have campaigned so hard for the job—he left the New York Giants' helm to take it—if it was the minefield everybody thinks it is. It doesn't bother him at all, he says, to be engulfed by the ongoing apotheosis of his former coach and benefactor. Bryant's image is everywhere in Alabama—on billboards, in hotel lobby

showcases, in drugstore displays—and can be purchased in the form of everything from framed posters to a fiber-glass facsimile of a bronze bust. Right out front at the Coliseum, Tenth Street is now Paul W. Bryant Drive, renamed after Bryant's death, and the Tuscaloosa police are having trouble keeping the signs up. Souvenir hunters have run off with 10 since March.

This deification is only as it should be, Perkins says. "The greatest honor of my life is following that man," he adds. His blue eyes narrow. "But when I took the job they asked me if I was intimidated by Coach Bryant. I said he wouldn't have wanted me if I was. I'm not replacing him; I'm following him. People say it's better not to follow a legend, but not everybody who follows a legend has to fail. The guy who says he'd rather follow the

continued

There are reminders of Bryant everywhere in Tuscaloosa—posters, billboards, street signs—but only two bumper stickers refer to Perkins.



Ray Perkins

continued



At practice, Perkins gives the Crimson Tide a few pointers on his offense: Bear's wishbone is out, while a new emphasis on passing is in.

guy who follows the legend is too scared to be there in the first place. He doesn't deserve this job. It's the best coaching job in America."

There are other misconceptions Perkins would like cleared up. Things that have made some Alabamians believe he's just the unfeeling s.o.b. the Crimson Tide

bargained for. They shake their heads over the changes he has made. No more wishbone offense, a Bryant specialty for 12 years. No more Bryant tower on the practice field, an edifice as familiar to Alabamians as the Redstone Arsenal near

Huntsville. No more this employee or that one—more than half the coaching staff and some other familiar figures, including the Tide's radio announcer for 25 years, were canned.

The impression is one of a ruthless young man knocking over symbols and treading on feelings, making up in insolence for what he lacks in tact. One of Perkins' biggest allies is Jerry Duncan, a former teammate who is now a Birmingham stockbroker. But Duncan, who also works as a colorman on 'Bama broadcasts, was incensed by the replacement of the radio man, John Forney, and told Perkins so. And when Bryant's old tower was found rusting on its side on a flatbed trailer behind a warehouse at Cain steel-yard, the weeds growing up all around, it was easily seen as an insult to Bryant.

But is Perkins really so ruthless? Or is he simply a man returning to the methods that led to the glories he experienced as a player under Bryant: the national championship teams of 1964 and 1965, the undefeated team of 1966, which should have been similarly crowned. No wishbone? The Tide didn't use it when it won in Perkins' days as a wide receiver, and he never cotched it anywhere. No more names on the backs of jerseys? "We've never won a national championship with names on the jerseys," he says. White helmets as well as the traditional red? "We used white helmets in the '60s." No tower? Perkins wants to be "down there with the players"—the way Bryant preferred to be at Perkins' age. The tower was left on the field for a while, Perkins says, but it became a "distraction." Now he'd like to see it put in the Hall of Fame or in a special place on campus for everybody to see.

Interestingly enough, says Perkins, the biggest change might well have been made by Bryant himself had he coached—and lived—on: the switch to a multiple offense, with a greater emphasis on passing. Bryant's coaching was marked by his willingness to adapt readily to trends, and with the more liberalized pass-blocking rules in the NCAA, another change appeared inevitable. "When I talked with Coach Bryant in '82 about bringing in a new offensive coordinator for Alabama, I named a guy I wanted but didn't get, and he said, 'Yeah, I'd get him, too, and then I'd throw the

continued

BENSON & HEDGES

The Deluxe 100



11 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar '83.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Lights

Rich enough to be called deluxe.
Regular and Menthol.

Ray Perkins

continued

ball." "Against Georgia Tech, Perkins says, Alabama will be throwing the ball—about once for every two times that it runs.

TUESDAY

Most conspicuous is the absence of any controversy—or even a hint of negative feeling—about Georgia Tech. The old acrimony is gone. No one even mentions it, although at its bitter peak it almost ruined Bryant's career.

The bitterness had begun with an old rival's complaints about the helmet-busting style of football that Bryant's teams played. The rival was Yellow Jacket Coach Bobby Dodd, who taught moderation and chafed in the early '60s as Bryant's tougher approach stole the Southern spotlight. The issue eventually emerged in print after a Tech player's jaw was crushed by an Alabama linebacker on a sideline foul that was not seen by officials. Subsequent games were laced with rancor—and usually won by the Tide. Bryant said he took his "lunch bucket" when he went to Atlanta and always returned before dark.

Dodd pulled out of the series in 1964, and Tech dropped out of the SEC and into a partial eclipse. The estrangement between the schools didn't end until Bryant moved to conciliate in the late '70s.

By then Tech was a faded name, no longer a national power, and Dodd was out of coaching, no longer a threat.

Now the rival coaches are Perkins and Bill Curry, who played under Dodd, and there is no animosity whatsoever. The two were, in fact, teammates—and occasionally roommates—for five years on the Baltimore Colts. Instead of brickbats they toss bouquets. Curry was the teammate Perkins went to for solace when his playing days were ended, partly because of injury, 11 years ago.

Rain has softened the Alabama heat, but not for long. It had been in the high 90s the week before; it is now in the 80s, but the Saturday forecast for Birmingham, where the game will be played, is clear and hot. Perkins has allowed Popcicle breaks at practice. The workouts are closed, even to the old alumni friends of Bryant's who used to attend regularly. Some have been offended, but it doesn't change Perkins. He doesn't want "any distractions."

After practice, Gary White, who ran the athletic dorm when Perkins played at Alabama and is now the assistant athletic director, takes the wheel of Perkins' Buick Park Avenue and chauffeurs him to Birmingham for an "annual appearance" before the Birmingham Touchdown Club. After he signed in January,

Perkins says, he made "60 or 70" appearances, sometimes two in a night.

He says it helped him remember why he loved college football so much—"Everybody gets involved, and the kids really want it." He tells the story of a pro player who balked at being traded because the team that wanted him was going to make him a starter, and he was afraid of getting hurt. "Money's the factor now," Perkins says. "Playing is secondary."

"I know these guys want to play," he says of the Bama team. "They've got the best attitude of any group I've been around, college or pro. I know because I was like that. If I could, I'd still be playing. I know they're talented, too. I've never seen a group that could catch the ball as well as they do."

"College or pro?"

"College or pro. And I know they're good people because I know what they come from. But I don't know what they'll do in a game because I haven't been with them in one yet. And I really don't know how all these changes have affected them. I think it's been a lot tougher for them than it has been for me. Look what they've gone through. Their coach retired. A new coach came in. The old coach died. The new coach put in a new offense. One thing after another."

Perkins is asked if he thinks his team

Bryant's famous observation tower is rusting amid the weeds at a Tuscaloosa steelyard, because, says Perkins, it had become "a distraction" to his players.



has what coaches like to call "character," that special will to win.

"Yes, I do." He pauses. "Well, I take that back." He says he has studied the records and found a surprising thing. "They lost six games and tied a seventh the last two years. Four times in those seven games they carried leads of seven points or better into the last quarter—and lost. I'm not sure what that says about their character. Alabama teams are supposed to win in the fourth quarter."

White whisks Perkins into an elevator at the Hilton Hotel in downtown Birmingham and leads him to the ballroom jammed with 450 white male members of the Birmingham Touchdown Club. The ballroom is breathtakingly tacky, a cacophony in red, with chandeliers that look as if they've been blown from a bubble pipe. The membership stands and applauds as Perkins hustles up to the podium. He hasn't eaten, but it's too late for that. The fatty edges of prime ribs and hollowed-out baked potatoes litter the plates on the crowded tables. The membership is into the carrot cake.

Gaylon McCollough, a center on the 1964 Alabama team, introduces Perkins. McCollough is a big, handsome, square-jawed man who was on the search committee that chose Perkins. He's also the plastic surgeon who gave Bryant a minor face-lift a year ago. He introduces Perkins as a "fierce competitor," "intense" and "goal oriented." Perkins barely has time to scare the audience about Tech—"It's ridiculous, Alabama being favored by 19 points. Bill Curry thinks they can win the Atlantic Coast Conference this year, and Bill Curry doesn't blow smoke"—when the program makes a grinding shift of gears and goes into a live radio talk show. The announcer feeds the phoned-in questions to Perkins.

CALLER: "I'm looking forward to the upcoming season, and I was just wondering if you were."

PERKINS (He waits for the crowd to stop laughing. He's not the natural Bryant with an audience, but he makes a good effort at being wry) "I'll probably show up."

CALLER (in a small voice): "I want to come to Alabama to play football for you, Coach Perkins."

PERKINS: "How old are you, Son?"

CALLER: "Five."

continued

Good times offer:



Fourteen oz. glass mug for sale. It's the two-isted way to drink to good times and savor your great taste in drinks. Why not start a collection? Please send this coupon, along with a check or money order for \$4.95 per mug (no cash please) to Seagram's 7 Crown Mug Offer, P.O. Box 725, Dept. 253, Lubbock, TX 79491.

Please Print

Name Age

Address

City State Zip

Specify quantity Amount enclosed \$

Offer opens March 31, 1984. No purchase necessary.

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for shipment.

SC33

Seagram's

© 1983 SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKY A BLEND. 40 PROOF. Seagram's and "7UP" are trademarks of the Seven-Up Company.

DREAMS...



Secret hopes. Fond aspirations. Serious ambitions.

Morgan Fairchild followed her dream from the big-time in Tinseltown to the thread-bare boards of Off-Broadway.

When the curtain comes down and the stars step out of their roles, they open their hearts and share their dreams in PEOPLE. And PEOPLE's candid pictures and searching stories show you sometimes surprising sides of the people you thought you knew.

Pick up a copy where you shop—today.

Share their dearest dreams in PEOPLE.

People
weekly

Ray Perkins

continued

PERKINS: "Good. I'll see you in 11 or 12 years."

CALLER: "How come no names on the jerseys this year, Coach?"

PERKINS: "Because we haven't won a national championship with names on

Herman Shelton, the university's grounds supervisor, calls Perkins "the best worker we ever had" when he was in school. Shelton says Perkins was also a fussy budget. When a fellow off-season painter named Joe Namath got too slop-

number of injured players, outlining the practice schedule, etc. and names the captains for the Tech game—Defensive Tackle Randy Edwards, Halfback Joe Carter and Tight End Jay Grogan.

When he opens up the proceedings to



Namath appeared at Thursday's practice to buck up the troops for their opener against Georgia Tech, an archival in his day, an 18½-point underdog in 1963.

jerseys. And, I admit, I'm superstitious."

CALLER: "I've got a real important question to ask you, Coach."

PERKINS: "Shoot."

CALLER: "You got any tickets for Saturday's game?"

WEDNESDAY

Perkins has a friend in tow, and they are quick-touring the campus in his cinnamon-colored Buick. Down Paul W. Bryant Drive, then past Bryant-Denny Stadium. The stadium looks unusually sprightly for a 54-year-old. Perkins says every seat, sign and wall has just been repainted and the press box refurbished, on his orders as athletic director. He says the old lady deserves it. Bryant teams lost only twice in 74 games there, and when Perkins played there—he was Bryant's best receiver and fastest athlete—they didn't even come close to losing. Perkins says it has always been the players' job in the off-season to paint the stadium, but it was mostly a slapdash kind of thing.

py with the brush one afternoon, Perkins threatened to run him off the detail.

Perkins says the stadium face-lift was a bargain at \$150,000—"It cost \$60,000 just to paint the seats." He has also commissioned improvements on the baseball field and ordered the construction of a \$4.5 million football center adjacent to the Coliseum on ground now taken up by two tennis courts. It will house all the football offices and locker rooms, as well as a training center. There's no mystery about where he will get the money. The Bryant legacy included almost \$10 million accumulated in the athletic fund.

Perkins is 15 minutes late for his morning press conference. It's unusual for him to be late for anything; those who are late for an appointment with him are liable to find him gone. The conference is held in the basement of the Coliseum, in the Letterman's Club Room, which is heavy with Tudor furnishings and features a large fake fireplace. Perkins makes a brief statement bemoaning the

questions, the media contingent of about 30 can muster only one. Like Bryant's, Perkins' menacing visage seems to cow the press. Bryant once smoked an entire cigarette before he or anybody else spoke at an Alabama postpractice press conference. When he finally opened his mouth, Bryant made a two-sentence summary, asked for questions, got none and left.

When Perkins gets up to leave, he is surrounded by those who have been saving their questions. He charms them with expansive answers and stings them with brusque replies: "Explain why I picked the captains I did? That doesn't call for an explanation." One young man asks, "People expect you to win all the time here, Coach. Doesn't that make it tougher on you?"

"They should expect me to win," Perkins says, his eyes narrowing. "I went to school here, did you know that? Did you know I went to school here?"

The reporter nods, embarrassed. He's not sure if Perkins is kidding or not.

continued

Extra-wide interior
Ban-Rol® prevents
waistband rollover

Self-fabric French fly keeps pants
flat in front for a neater look

Champion Cotton Spun Co. 100% Cotton

Extra-deep pockets

Fully extended fly lining assures
flatness, prevents puckering



The Par FourTM Collection

Par Four slacks offer an array of special features designed for long-lasting comfort and style. Available in five handsome colors, at one beautiful price—\$26. Coordinating Par Four shirts, \$13–\$15. From The Par Four Collection. Only at JCPenney. **Dedicated to the well-dressed man.**

JCPenney

Also available through the JCPenney catalog. Prices slightly higher in Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico. ©1990 The J.C. Penney Company, Inc.

Ray Perkins

continued



Perkins received this neighborly send-off as he left his home in Ridgeland at dawn on Friday.

"These people expect us to win, and so do I," says Perkins.

A red-haired woman intercepts him on the way out. She identifies herself as a columnist for an Alabama weekly and asks for a picture—of her and him together "for my column." Perkins puts his arm around her and grins. "I'm glad there's something around here worth looking at," he says. The redhead gushes happily as the two of them pose for the photographer.

Perkins eats lunch at Bryant Hall, the Alabama athletic dorm. When built in 1963, the place was so well appointed it was known as the Bear Bryant Hilton. Through the magic of redecoration, it has come to look like a \$1.98 steak house. Its interiors, dominated by red, black and silver foul, are garish enough to give all its inhabitants insomnia. The furniture looks as if it were designed by Buck Rogers, and the lamps appear to be various types

of military weapons. Perkins has ordered a refurbishing.

As Perkins drives up, a husky blond athlete waves at him from a car where he is talking with a girl. When Perkins is seated inside, a black player comes up

and, deferentially, asks if he can stay in Birmingham with his mother after the game. "She's coming in from Washington just for the weekend," Perkins purses his lips. "We travel as a team," he says finally. The boy waits for a second, trying to determine if that's the answer, and then gets up, thanking Perkins for his time. Perkins softens. "I'll think about it," he says. But when the player is gone he says he knows he can't allow it because it would "start a flood. And all it would take to spoil it would be for someone to stay in Birmingham and wind up in a car wreck. His family would never forgive me, and I wouldn't either."

The husky blond player calls to Perkins from a nearby table. "My girl friend was impressed, Coach," he says.

"Why didn't you introduce me?" Perkins says, smiling.

"I'm still scared of you," says the blond.

Walter Lewis, the Alabama quarterback and team star, is there. Lewis was a pullbearer at Bryant's funeral. He says the transition to Perkins "has been rather smooth." He says the one thing that seems to link Perkins and Bryant is that "they both care." He says Bryant stuck by him last year when "unfounded rumors" were flying that he was dating the wife of a white player. He says Bryant never treated him like a "black" quarterback, nor did he think of Bryant as a "white" coach. "He told somebody before he died that he regarded me like his grandson, Marc," Lewis says. "And I thought of him as a father."

At the last major team meeting of the week, Perkins tells his players he doesn't know how they're going to react to the pressure on Saturday because "I haven't been there with you yet to know. I think I know. I think you'll react positively."

"The alibis have been lined up on the table for you—new coach, new offense, all of it. But if you lose you won't lose because of those things. You'll lose only if you don't play as well as you're capable. But if you do play like you're capable, you'll win."

continued



The 3,000 fans at a campus rally even cheered when Perkins blew out the cake.

SUBARU INTRODUCES TURBO-TRACTION.™

THE EXTRA POWER OF TURBO FUEL INJECTION.
THE EXTRA TRACTION OF ON DEMAND 4WD.*
THE EXTRA CONVENIENCE OF AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION.

With a good deal of pride and logic, Subaru presents a new kind of automobile. With pride because Turbo-Traction is totally unique. With logic because what good is more power without more traction?

With the extra power and extra traction of Turbo-Traction, passing a long tractor-trailer in the pouring rain, for instance, is a lot easier on your nerves.

ONCE AGAIN, TO KNOW WHERE CARS ARE GOING
IN THE FUTURE, LOOK AT SUBARU NOW.

Back in '69, Subaru was alone in introducing a full line

of front wheel drive cars. In '75, when we introduced On Demand Four Wheel Drive, we were alone. Last year we introduced automatic transmission in our four wheel drive. And now, with Turbo-Traction, we're again making the tracks for others to follow.

ADVANCED ENGINEERING THAT
DOESN'T LEAVE OUT TRADITIONAL SUBARU VALUE.

If you know Subaru, our durability and reliability need no introduction. Nor our kind of mileage: 24 EPA est. mpg, 30 est. hwy.* Nor our long list of standard features and luxury options. Best of all, the Turbo-Traction Station Wagon is just \$10,174** and the Turbo-Traction Brat is just \$9,949.** They're the only two models we're offering with Turbo-Traction.

For now.

SUBARU.
INEXPENSIVE. AND BUILT
TO STAY THAT WAY.



*1980 EPA EST. SUBARU STATION WAGON TURBO 4WD BRAT AND STATION WAGON, 24 EPA EST. MPG, 30 EST. HWY. FOR COMPARE. YOUR ACTUAL MILEAGE WILL VARY. **MSRP. YOUR ACTUAL PRICE MAY VARY. PRICES DO NOT INCLUDE DEALER PREP, INLAND TRANSPORTATION, TAXES, LICENSE, AND TITLE FEES. CERTAIN ITEMS SHOWN OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST.

Ray Perkins

continued

THURSDAY

The woman at the campus bookstore is pouty-pretty, brunette and pregnant. She's the buyer for the section of the store where you can purchase memories for a discowad. Bryant's image seems to be on everything there. The big numbers are framed prints of paintings of Bryant, one selling for \$200. There are no pictures of Perkins, only two bumper stickers: IT TAKES A GIANT COACH TO FILL BEAR'S SHOES AND THE TIDE JUST KEEPS PERKIN' ALONG. The pregnant woman says she can't offer any Perkins memorabilia because "he hasn't allowed it."

Perkins seems to have a golden touch. Sometimes the touch has been a rub the wrong way. Alabama has switched from Adidas shoes to Pony's for the new season. Perkins made the deal. Pony had provided shoes for the Giants when he coached them. *The Wall Street Journal* says Pony will give the shoes to Alabama and that coaches of the stature of Perkins might be paid more than \$50,000 for the privilege.

When Perkins' agent, Robert Fraley, tells the sponsors of Bryant's television show, Coca-Cola and Golden Flakes Potato Chips, that the price to sponsor Perkins will be higher, almost triple Bryant's fee, Golden Flakes balks. The company president is an old Bryant crony, Sloan Bashinsky. When he balks too long, Perkins' agent signs on with a rival company, Frito-Lay. Bashinsky is angry. He has sponsored the Bryant show for 25 years. He openly criticizes Perkins. "The way he's doing business, he'd better win," Bashinsky says.

In his office after the morning coaches' meeting, Perkins watches a tape of his first television show. He will have two a week during the season, on Thursdays and Sundays, each 30 minutes long. The producer, a massive, sweating man with a black beard, is awaiting Perkins' approval. He suggests Perkins might like one of those fancy monitors to use himself. Perkins smiles and says yes, that it would make a nice "present."

In the Frito-Lay commercial break, Perkins appears to announce that the Alabama athletic fund will be given \$50 for every point the Tide scores this season, a gift from the sponsor. One of the men he has invited in to see the show suggests Perkins had better check that out with



A sweltering, standing-room-only crowd greeted Perkins as he trooped onto "Bryant's field."

the NCAA because there might be a rule against it. "If nothing else," the guest says, "it's sure to offend other coaches. The first time you win a game 45-0, they'll say you ran up the score for the money."

Perkins is immediately concerned. He asks Sam Bailey, his associate athletic director, to call the NCAA right away. "We probably ought to change that, regardless," Perkins says. "People who know me know I don't run up the score on anybody. But I can see where somebody might think so."

The producer asks Perkins if he'll need a van for the show on Saturday. "That's for you to decide," Perkins says. "I can't worry about vans. I don't want to think about vans. I've got Tech to think about."

When he leaves the office at lunchtime, he takes a drive into the country to "get away for a while." When he signed with the Colts in 1967, he used the bonus to buy 330 acres of Alabama farmland, at \$87 an acre, and felt wed to the area for life. He's now on the board of directors of the First Alabama Bank (Bryant was on First National's), he belongs to the three Tuscaloosa country clubs, and McColough is putting together an investment group for him. All that is secondary. Perkins says, to winning this first game. "It's the most important game I've ever played or coached in, including the Super Bowl. I've never wanted anything so badly in my life."

Namath is at the afternoon practice. He's in for the weekend at Perkins' invi-

tation. He calls Perkins "Raymond" and tells the local press he is "perfect" for the job. Namath says he likes the fact that Alabama is switching back to a more diversified attack, with the quarterback passing more. "There are no wishbone quarterbacks playing in the NFL," he says.

Dude Hennessey, a former Alabama assistant coach, is squiring Namath around. It was Hennessey who recruited Perkins for Alabama. "Petal, Mississippi," he says. "Population 8,000. I got him with a 98¢ steak."

Hennessey says when he went to Petal to see Perkins he couldn't pry him loose from his job at the Sinclair gas station. "I asked if I could take him to breakfast. He said, 'I've got to wash trucks.' I said, 'How about lunch?' 'No, got to pump gas.' 'Dinner?' 'I got to finish washing the trucks.' When I finally signed him, I took him across the river to Hattiesburg for dinner. I had in mind a nice, big juicy \$10 steak, one for each of us. But he ordered a 98¢ hamburger steak, with onions, and iced tea. Naturally, I had to eat what he ate."

Namath is Perkins' surprise guest at a pep rally at Foster Auditorium, the old gymnasium-field house. It's sweltering inside, but 3,000 show up to cheer to the thump of band music. They react to every move. When Perkins blows into the mike, the crowd cheers. He thanks them for coming and assures them the Tide will "represent you well both on and off the field." Namath tells the crowd, "We are all in this together," and the crowd cheers Namath and itself.

Perkins drops Namath off and drives home alone. The Perkins' house is on two acres in Ridgeland, outside Tuscaloosa, and it's a beauty, with a triple-decked swimming pool and five bedrooms. When he was a boy, Perkins says, he dreamed of having such a house and owning land "as far as you could see." But he and Carolyn, his wife, married right out of high school, and those things seemed unattainable. "Funny how life turns out," he says.

Carolyn and their second son, Mike, 16, arrive from the pep ral-



Lewis successfully launched Alabama's new passing game by hitting on 10 of 19 throws for 304 yards.

ly shortly afterward. Perkins breaks out root beer. Mike shows his father his new yellow-and-black football jersey. He has made the team at Tuscaloosa Academy as a wide receiver. At a lanky 6' 2", Mike seems more out for basketball, but he says he told his basketball coach he was only playing the game "to stay in shape for football."

Perkins is incredulous. "You told him that?"

"Yeah. They don't usually let you play

two sports there, and I want to play football," says Mike.

Perkins grabs his son's head and presses his cheek to it.

FRIDAY

At 2 a.m. in Ridgeland, Perkins is staring at a hole in his ceiling. From 1979 to 1982, when he was coaching the Giants, Perkins figured he averaged 3½ hours sleep a night during the season. Now he has it up to four or five. He thinks by sheer determination he can train himself to maintain that, except for one gluttonous night a week, when he'll treat himself to seven hours.

He drifts back to sleep for a while, but he's still out of the house and at the office before daybreak. Driving out to the Coliseum in the semidarkness, he passes under a sign that was strung across the road by his Ridgeland neighbors: GOOD LUCK COACH, GAME #001.

Friday is throwaway day. The team is either ready or not. Tamping now is useless. The game plan is in. There are no revelations. The Perkins offense is a variety show of 1 formations, running and passing, veer and veer

continued

Small wonder Perkins was "relieved" when his debut was over.



Ray Perkins

continued

SATURDAY

options, drop-back passing and bootlegs, etc. "Ninety-five percent of it I've learned from other people," he says. "You're fooling yourself if you think you're going to revolutionize football."

Nevertheless, he goes to the brown chalkboard opposite his desk to scribble out the components one more time. Perkins says it is an offense made for Lewis: "He's got a great arm, and he can run, and doing what we'll be doing will give him plenty of opportunity to do both."

The defense is in the hands of Ken Donahue, the assistant head coach; Donahue did the same job for Bryant. His work habits are legendary. Once, as Bryant and a friend drove by the Coliseum after midnight, the friend pointed out that a light was on in the football offices. "Yeah," Bryant growled. "It's that damn Donahue up there making me look like a genius."

At his desk, Perkins sifts through telegrams of encouragement. Seven are from New York Giants players. When he first took over the Giants, Perkins remembers, some players said he was a "martinet." They were also quoted as saying he "drives you too hard" and "gives you no sense of security." One said he was "a heartless leader in a heartless business." When the Giants went to the playoffs for the first time in 18 years in 1981, they said other things, that he had "taught us a work ethic" and "whipped us into shape" and "brought us national respect."

Perkins smiles at the irony. He says in the first game they played that first year, the Giants didn't make a first down the first two or three times they had the ball. "The crowd yelled, 'Bring back McVay [the previous Giants coach]!'" He says he heard that when the Giants lost their first 1983 game, the crowd yelled, "Bring back Perkins!"

After dinner, the 75 players who will suit up pile into the buses for the 50-mile ride to their motel in Bessemer, where they'll spend the night before going on to Birmingham on Saturday. Later, Perkins will say that when he settled in for the ride, up at the front of the first bus, the chugging thought crossed his mind: "This is his seat," and tomorrow he would be "going into his stadium."

Legion Field is jammed, and the 77,413 fans in the stands have fans in their hands. It's 93° and they have been given instructions in the local press on how to survive the brutal heat. They fan furiously. On the stadium floor it's 20° hotter, and the Crimson Tide is lurching along toward a 20-7 victory.

Lurching because the offense that seems so spectacular at times does belly flops whenever it looks close to achieving orbit. Yet it still gives the impression that



In the end, Alabama had perked to a 20-7 win over Tech.

it's fully capable of being efficient and workmanlike at any time. Soon, even.

Alabama has gone off an 183-point favorite over Tech, and Perkins was right: The Tide's not 19 points better. But that's because Tech is better than everybody else thought. Perkins is wrong later when he says the Tide was "lucky" to win. So, in fact, is Curry when he says Tech "gave it away."

Perkins had come onto the field with a decal of the familiar Bryant houndstooth hat pinned on his shirt collar and Hennessy at his sleeve. The idea of sharing the spotlight is Perkins', and it wasn't lost on regulars in the south stands, who cheered them both lustily. The houndstooth hat decals were also on the Alabama helmets. In a team meeting, Per-

kins had led the players in a two-minute silent prayer in Bryant's memory.

Alabama scored in the first two minutes after a fumble recovery at the Tech 20. On third down, Lewis drafted a side-liner to Carter. The play went for 15 yards, and it was 7-0. Over the noise, Perkins told an assistant: "That was too easy. It's better when you earn it."

He was right. Tech, stung, battled back to hold its own through the first and most of the second quarter. Then Lewis again connected, this time for 53 yards to

Jesse Bendross. The gain reached the Tech 17, but on the next play Tech intercepted—and then fumbled the ball back before the play was dead. Given that second chance, Alabama's Van Tiffin kicked a 39-yard field goal, and it was 10-0.

Lewis played the entire game. He threw 19 passes, completed 10 for 204 yards, ran for 15 more and generally looked good except for some third-down inconsistencies and a few other foul-ups. In the third quarter, Lewis got Alabama in position for a Tiffin 45-yard field goal, and then the Tide blocked a punt, and Stan Gay ran it 32 yards to push the lead to 20-0.

Tech scored in the fourth quarter and growled enough to keep Alabama from going to sleep. But it's important to note that the best drive of the day, by either team, was Alabama's move from its 24 to the Tech goal line late in the fourth quarter.

Fourth-quarter drives say a lot. This one was without a pass and ate up almost five minutes. Craig Turner fumbled the ball at the Tech one, however.

Perkins has a headache afterward, but he says, at last, that he's "relieved." He had awakened at 2 a.m. at the motel and had, indeed, felt as if he were on Bryant's bus and on Bryant's field. But the more he thought about it, the more he realized "it didn't bother me. It might always be Bryant's field and Bryant's place on the bus. What's wrong with that, anyway? I'm not replacing him, remember, I'm following him. I couldn't be prouder."

Thus the 10th day of September became the first day of the Ray Perkins era. On Sept. 11, Bear Bryant would have been 70 years old.

You never had it this fresh!

BRIGHT

The taste that outshines menthol—
and leaves you with a clean, fresh taste.

BRIGHT
100s

BRIGHT

BRIGHT

Fresh Clean

Fresh Clean Taste
Low Tar

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

7 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

©2003 B&W Tobacco Company

First Person

by TOM QUINN

A YOUNG HUNTER'S LIFE WAS ALTERED AFTER HIS DISCOVERY OF RETRIEVERS

Walking the dark miles home down the shoulder of the two-lane highway, our breath shows in the cold yellow headlights of the oncoming computer traffic. We take turns lugging the heavy string of ducks. A sinister black-and-white California Highway Patrol Olds disengages itself from the stream, makes a U-turn and comes crunching up behind us.

"Evening, boys."

"Hi."

"Where you headed?"

"Home."

"That gun you got there loaded?"

"No." We show him the slide is open—even shake it nervously as further proof.

"Who's it belong to?"

"It's ours."

"Hop in the back, I'll run you home."

We pile in, trying to be cool about the muzzle of the shotgun. The air is stale and hot inside the car, and the rear door handles are missing. The meaty patrolman induces some wheelspin for our benefit. We roll, unsure whether we're going home fast or to headquarters. Either way, we've been captured.

"Nice bunch of pintails you got there. Where'd you get 'em?"

"The Flats."

"Yeah? Where are they?"

"Oh, out on the edge of the bay. South of the third PG&E tower."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. We never get skunked there. We call it 'the Channel of Plenty.'"

My brother Dan and I grin at each other in the darkness of the back seat. Why should we tell him where we'd gotten the birds? Why get the real Channel of Plenty raided and wrecked by a horde of hungry cops?

"This where you live?"

"Yep." Our birds and muddy gear are dumped on the lawn.

"Adios, boys. You guys take it easy."

Those rides occurred frequently during winter. We fancied the cops liked us because we were free and wild and enterprising, but more often than not they

stopped when we were laden with game.

I was 14 and Dan was 12. We had a good Model 12 Winchester between us. We tried to make the ducks fall on solid land; if one of us nailed a duck and it dropped into the chop of San Pablo Bay, he forfeited the gun, stripped and swam for it.

Our swims were exhilarating at first, and a source of amphibious pride, but raw exposure finally drained us as bleak days waned. Hauling clothes on and off for every bird became such a chore that we sometimes skipped dressing and simply camouflaged ourselves under lumps of wet coats and rusty-rose pickleweed.



With each successful shot, the shooter then slithered, shivering, into the deep blue mud and gray water, and struck out toward the bird and mile-long rafts of resting canvasbacks that rode the cold bay swells. If new birds whipped into range, the gunner ashore might hammer down another as the gatherer swam. Retrieving our ducks this way seemed noble work; we felt hardy and useful. We had no teachers.

Once home, we carefully drew and plucked our birds and tried to guess their identities from steel engravings in an ancient dictionary. After stripping them of their fabulous plumage (and saving samples for a feather collection), I often ex-

amined the viscera and major organs, comparing heart sizes, fat contents and the food in their crops. As the last of the birds' down was singed away over the stove, thereby laying a stinking pall on the household, a platoon of carcasses sat in final formation on the drainboard. Dan and I continued to pet and heft them, admiring them in death as they awaited apple, onion, celery chunks and then roasting. Visions of the storms and great distances they had flown through touched us as we debated which were the strongest and fastest by their shapes, and finally, which ones were our favorites.

As we neared the Flats one morning, other shotguns were already barking. I reckoned these were in the elaborate floating blinds anchored deep offshore. The incoming tide was planning to make itself very high very soon as we sloshed and leaned our way into a cutting north wind and neared our spot on the great serpentine channel. We were almost there.

"Oh, no!"

Somehow some hunters had set up a pair of huge wine barrels on stilts and scattered their decoys all over our channel. Quacking and calling to the ducks aloft, they stood up in their barrels and shot our ducks. The strangers used a small over-and-under and a heavy hump-back Browning Auto that spat out used shells. Their shooting was incredible; sometimes they seemed to have three birds tumbling in the air at once. They matter-of-factly slouched their cripples and then lowered themselves back into their wind barrels to wait for more.

We crawled closer and watched the spectacle unfold across the channel from inside a large tide-perched plywood pecking case... and waited, too.

During a lull, a most astonishing thing occurred: One of the hunters yelled something and a thin red Irish setter traipsed out from under the barrels and casually began collecting ducks. The dog dragged each bird to the blinds and went to fetch another; first, those on land, then reluctantly, the ones in the water!

The hunters, dressed in real camouflage outfits and honest-to-God hip boots, climbed out of their barrels laughing and drinking from a thermos. As the dog pulled more ducks to them, they nonchalantly hung the birds like laundry on

GOOD NEWS FOR BAD KNEES.

straps rigged between the blinds. Eventually, as the tide began its turn, the hunters withdrew, altogether pleased with themselves, their purloined ducks and their dog—and suddenly it occurred to us: those slick invaders were completely dry!

The channel was changed forever. I was changed. Within an hour, I managed to tow two elegant little buffleheads. I went into the water after my birds, swimming to their side of the channel through their floating shell casings, almost to their footprints. When I got back, Dan and I whispered together rather than talked. Maybe those heavy hitters would return and find us, pathetically naked, trying to retrieve. We cursed them every way we knew—but we had to admit we liked their dog.

About two years later, with quail stuffed into every pocket of our jackets after a successful morning out with our Lab, Dan and I rejoiced by collapsing on our backs in the high, wild oat hay, and complimenting the black dog, who recognized our rough praise with small quick tail slaps. Across the still meadow a great blue heron was methodically stabbing gophers. Above us, two red-tailed hawks cut compass arcs in the cobalt air. We decided we were all hunters.

After a long spell of serious sky study, I glimpsed three tiny delta shapes, dropping fast.

"Did you see those?"

"Yep. Ducks."

"Going in over the hill."

"What's over there for them?"

"I dunno. Only the prison."

The only thing over there was San Quentin Prison. Even from where we were, we could feel the malignancy of the place.

On a foggy afternoon the previous year, we had trudged up to where we now lay admiring the hawks. Hurrying against the fading light, we chewed up the miles with a quick, rhythmic gait. The dog was along, but we ignored the likely cover and trotted on toward the deep, open pits of a shale quarry. My arm cradled a short, solid 30-30 lever-action Winchester, and my brother carried a Purple Royal Triton motor oil carton and a black crayon to make a target. We wanted the little deer gun finely sighted in by dusk.

"Hold it right there!"

We slowed and almost stopped, looking up the sidehill. Standing in the waist-

continued

At Converse, we've developed two new shoes to help reduce the risk of a problem that has become painfully evident to many runners: knee injuries.

The shoes are called Phaeton[™] and Selena[™]. And they're based on

over conventional running shoes. The shoes also have Scotch Lite[®] Reflective Fabric[®] for night running safety which, under normal circumstances, allows you to be seen in all directions from over 200 yards away.

And they weigh a mere 270 grams in Size 9.

But superlatives aside, there really is only one way to determine what the Phaeton and Selena can do for you: run, *very carefully*, down to your nearest Converse dealer and try a pair on.

a design philosophy no other running shoe has adopted.

We call it the Stabilizer

Bar. And simply put, what it does is help control pronation, the brutal side-to-side motion that occurs as your foot rolls inward.



a Normal pronation
b Excessive pronation

Our Stabilizer Bar gently helps "brake" your foot as it pronates, lessening the twisting motion. So less of it reaches your ankle, your leg and obviously, less reaches your knee.



Los Angeles 1984 Olympics

The Stabilizer Bar is not, however, the only advantage the Phaeton and Selena enjoy



The Converse Stabilizer Bar. It acts as a brake during pronation.



*A trademark of 3M Company



deep backbrush, a wiry middle-aged figure clad entirely in khaki work clothes hollered again:

"I said you, hold it!"

I felt a numbing scalp squeeze, and discomfiture that in our haste we hadn't scouted anything ahead. This s.o.b. had probably escaped from the prison, spotted our carbine and figured to have it. I couldn't see a weapon on him, but our gun was empty, so it might amount to a standoff; then again, maybe we could slice off and vanish into the scrub oaks below—our running winsos from a nearby hobo jungle was one of our outdoor joys.

"Where you headed with that rifle?"

"Up to the quarry to sight it in. Deer season opens Saturday."

Slowly he shook his head, doabting us, then gestured with one arm, and the whole texture of the hillside seemed to shift and raise. We were locked in a circle of 30 men with scoped rifles, shotguns and submachine guns. Some stared down their sights at us; others just looked. Some were in guard uniforms; others wore suits and ties under hunting garb.

This article was excerpted from the book *The Working Retrievers: The Training, Care, and Handling of Retrievers for Hunting and Field Trials* by Tom Quinn, with permission of E.P. Dutton, Inc.

"We lost two blond guys from the prison this afternoon. They'll be dressed in blue dungarees, same as you."

We were blond, didn't consider our Levi's the same as dungarees, but weren't about to argue it.

"I suggest you forget today and take yourselves and that rifle the hell out of here."

The light was weakening and so were we. The afternoon was shot. Willing down into the descent, I looked back after a few hundred yards. They stood there still, speckling the slope, watching us. I realized it was only the black Labrador that made us different from the hunted.

Dan interrupted this reverie of the year before. "You want to gut these quail? We could eat a couple for lunch."

"I'd rather go on up to the top of that

hill and see if we can spot those ducks from there."

"That's the prison land," he guffawed, remembering our scrape with the posse.

"What the hell do we care? We're just hunters. We're also under 18—what can they do? Those redtails hunt in there, don't they? Damn right they do!"

We lifted the bitch over the shoulder-high hog wire and barbed strands of the outer prison fence, then poked the Model 12 through and climbed over. The ground felt different. A huge stand of eucalyptus trees draped the spine of the tawny ridge ahead and below us. No water and no ducks yet.

"We could sit down under those eukes and wait for band-tails," Dan suggested.

Now that we had the dog, it was not uncommon to be carrying ducks, quail, snipe, band-tailed pigeons, doves and possibly a rail by the end of a good movable hunt.

We entered the towering grove. What had seemed to be a typical high wind-break revealed itself instead as a long rectangle of trees enclosing an area larger

continued

\$30 CASH REBATE ON OLYMPUS OM-G!

The camera that raises the standard of creativity now lowers the cost.

The Olympus OM-G raises the standard of creative photography in a unique way. With a complement of creative capabilities you'll find in no other SLR. At any price.

It's the world's smallest SLR with professional OTF™ automation that measures light right off-the-film.

It's the world's lightest SLR with the rugged precision to accept a 5-frames-per-second motor drive.

It's the world's only SLR with incredibly bright Lumi-Micon Matte focusing screen. So even in dim light, you can compose and create quickly.

And it's compatible with over 300 OM System components.

So hurry to your dealer, make your best deal and buy your OM-G with Olympus lens from July 1 to Oct. 31, 1983. You'll get great pictures AND a \$30 rebate direct from Olympus!

OLYMPUS

When you have more to say than just smile.





To unlock your body's potential, we proudly offer Soloflex. Twenty-four traditional iron pumping exercises, each correct in form and balance. All on a simple machine that fits in a corner of your home.

For a free Soloflex brochure, call anytime
1-800-453-9000.

**BODY BY
SOLOFLEX®**

SOLOFLEX, HILLSBORO, OREGON 97123

© 1991 SOLOFLEX, INC.

than a football field, as still and dark as the nave of a Gothic cathedral. My eyes adjusted to the gloom and focused on the damp floor between the sousing walks of sickle-shaped leaves. The ground was stabbed with rows of flat wooden stakes, thousands of them, like bedding plants in a giant nursery. They were hand-split redwood stakes, and each was deeply branded with numbers. We were in the burial place of San Quentin's unclaimed dead. I watched for the dog's hackles to rise along with my dread, but she just sniffed about in normal reconnaissance. In collapsed adobe banks, washed-out graves appeared, revealing loose and delicate bones. Downhill we drifted, through fallen strips of bark and pods, keeping our voices soft. The oldest markers had very low numbers; others were fresh. There were no names. The grove was ancient, and haunted.

Where the guardian circle of trees gave out, a dirt road dropped steeply away. Below could be seen the walls of San Quentin. It squatted, old and huge, half in the bay and half in the hills, its

high walls washed in sickly yellow. Through the shimmering light we could see fishermen in tiny boats, drifting close in and trolling for stripers.

On the land, miniature men and cows moved slowly in and out of long tin milking sheds. They were convicts and Helixians. The rolling pastures were spiked with lighthouse-like machine-gun towers, each painted with a numeral. Nearer still, between us and a large white hay barn, was their water supply, a medium-size earth-dammed stock pond. Rainwater fed into it from a high brush-filled cleavage that connected threadlike to the burial place. On the pond's surface we counted nine ducks.

"Well, we've come this far, what the hell," Dan said.

Calling "Heel!" to the dog, we sprinted downhill and spilled into the drainage cut. We dove and rolled, sweating, gasping, then rested in the last person oak clump before a final crawl across open territory to the base of the dam.

As we lay there, a fine clean whirling came from above. Six mature pintails

were pumping upward from the prison pond.

"I don't believe it!" I moaned. "Our stalk was perfect!"

We were so close to San Quentin now, we could hear radios in the cells. Chuck Berry's *Maybelline* spunked cement walls. Feedback howled and screamed through the public address loudspeakers. We knew Caryl Chessman was up there waiting, somewhere on Death Row.

"There should be three left in there," Dan reasoned. Flat on our bellies, heads down, we elbowed out into the open. I could see ripples.

"Heel, heel!" I squeaked. The bitch was crawling between us. Once under the brow of the dam we tried to predict their range and where they'd jump. I chambered a 7½, to be followed by a 6 and a number 4 in the magazine.

"Hold the dog," I commanded, and scrambled to the top of the dam. Three wary birds, necks extended, were centered in a slash of molten gold. Backlit silhouettes sprang off the surface while I squinted into the blinding glow. I

continued

WORK PROCESSORS!

A compact electronic typewriter that keeps a technological generation ahead with its incredible capacity to process volumes of work.

It interfaces with most home or personal computers to generate letter quality reports, graphs, charts, letters, worksheets and statements at lightning speed at minimum cost.

Most important, you'd expect to pay a great deal more for an electronic typewriter that also features an interchangeable cassette duany wheel, triple pitch, triple keyboard 800 cpm typing speed and one-line memory correction.

There is a complete series of Brother electronic typewriters available with features to meet every need—from the student to the home to the office.

For the name of your nearest retailer, write to Department F.



Correctronic 50

BROTHER INTERNATIONAL, 5 Corporate Place, Princeton, N.J. 08540

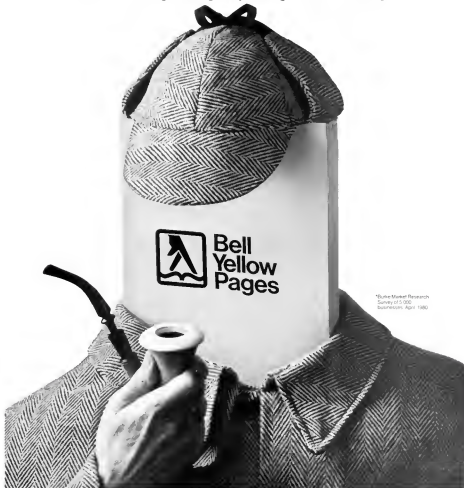
brother COMPACT
ELECTRONIC TYPEWRITERS THAT FUNCTION
AS LETTER QUALITY PRINTERS WITH HOME OR PERSONAL COMPUTERS

The book that solves mysteries.

The Bell Yellow Pages gives you all the clues you need to track down your target fast. That's why business people consult it every working day. It's the #1 business source.*

In many metropolitan areas the Yellow Pages has the Business to Business Bell Yellow Pages for a partner. Its specialty: all the businesses other businesses need.

Get the Yellow Pages talking. **Let your fingers do the walking.**



*Buckle Market Research
Survey of 5,000
businesses, April 1980

SCHRADE'S

THIRD GENERATION

A NEW LINE OF
KNIVES, SPECIALLY DESIGNED
TO FIT THE HUMAN HAND.



Made in U.S.A.

Schrade cutlery has studied the comfort factor and how it makes cutting smooth and easy. That's why Schrade's Third Generation knives are designed to fit the shape of the palm and the curve of the fingers. Seven different models to choose from. Totally rust resistant. The perfect blend of strength and style. Only from Schrade.



Write for your free Schrade Almanac to Schrade Cutlery Corp., Ellenville, NY 12428-0290

55 cooking lessons

Just **\$12.95** plus shipping and handling

The secrets of spicy carbonara, zesty primavera, crisp-fried wontons, golden spätzle. The art of rich Fettuccine Alfredo. The techniques for fluffy dumplings, pasta casseroles, even sweet pasta dessert! 55 complete, step-by-step lessons will teach you the professional skills and methods used by the best chefs from around the world in one remarkably different cookbook—*Pasta*.

Pasta is just your introduction to TIME-LIFE BOOKS' best-selling series, *The Good Cook*. Each volume is

packed with full-color illustrated lessons to sharpen your culinary skills for a lifetime of cooking pleasure... plus a tempting array of more than 200 recipes to try out your new-found skills.

Future titles to volumes feature *Classic Desserts*, *Salads*, *Beef & Veal*, *Hors d'Oeuvres*, *Poultry* and more. And each, like your first book is yours to examine for 10 days FREE. Start becoming *The Good Cook* you've always wanted to be or return *Pasta* and owe nothing. Keep it and *Pasta* is yours for just \$12.95 plus shipping and handling.

Orders subject to approval

**Call Toll-FREE
1-800-621-8200**

(In Illinois 1-800-972-8502)

TIME LIFE BOOKS

Time & Life Bldg., Chicago, IL 60611



© 1987 TIME LIFE BOOKS INC.
Time & Life Bldg., Chicago, IL 60611



FIRST PERSON (continued)

smashed out three of the loudest shotgun blasts in history, they rang through the metal bars and echoed off the brick and concrete galleries. One duck fell backward into the pond and two sizzled away into the glare. The dog hit the water, steaming for the cripple. Flattened on the dam, I watched her trying to round up the poorly hit bird. Silence hung on the disbelieving prison walls, though later Dan insisted he'd heard sirens.

"Come here, come here, dammit!" I tried to whisper the dog out. No deal. I heard a truck motor cough, then voices.

"Forget this stuff!" I pucked up my empties, as if we could be traced by them.

"Come out of there!" We were whooping at the hatch now as we holted for the safety of the drainage ditch. Halfway up the ridge we halted to watch and listen for her. In minutes she appeared with the duck in her mouth, having tracked us to our hiding place.

"A widgeon!" The bird was examined with disgust. "Eight sprig and one widgeon, and we have to get the stinking, grass-eating widgeon!"

We slapped the dog's wet ribs in happy relief of having her back, then scuttled toward the cover of the volean eucalyptus grove. Once there, we heard more yells and held like quail down between the graves, and didn't move anymore. Finally, when it became blue-dark, we got up, tripping over the markers, and retraced our steps to the fence. The moon slowly rose, too, and approved as we marched our dog, quail and duck homeward.

We eventually managed a few more good dry shots near the wane barrel blinds on the Channel of Plenty. Sadly, though, all hunters were to be expelled from the paradise of the marsh, we were chased, hazed, warned and finally whined out by deputy sheriffs who told us they had "noise complaints" from the residents of encroaching subdivisions. Our shotgun was silenced. Soon the marsh itself was annexed and re-zoned. Birds, migratory and local, were the next to go, banished in exchange for manicured lawns and barbecue pits. The rich alluvial plain, where ducks sheltered and rail crept, is now an enormous "risarc" shopping mall, housing stores stocked with tapes of hirdealls, songs of the humpback whale and decorative prints by Audubon. All that remains of the hunt are antique shops where young matrons buy old decoys for their husbands' dens.

END

Sports Illustrated POSTERS SUPERSTARS IN ACTION

BIG 2'x3' WALL POSTERS IN FULL COLOR.

PICK YOUR FAVORITES
HERE. **SAVE** WHEN
YOU ORDER 3 OR MORE.

Exciting photographs of your favorite sports stars. These posters make great wall decorations. They are shipped rolled in special crush-proof tubes. And they're even bigger bargains when you order three or more.

Tony Dorsett



FOOTBALL

- 4202 NFL Superstars
- 4202 Roland Huzar
- 4205 Walter Payton
- 4291 Ken Anderson
- 4233 Ossie Carraway
- 4237 Joe Ferguson
- 4266 Reggie McKenzie
- 4246 Randy Gradishar
- 4273 Craig Morton
- 4236 Mike Pruitt
- 4241 Brian Sipe
- 4265 Lee Roy Selmon
- 4249 J. Anderson
- 4275 Dan Dierdorf
- 4276 Jim Hart
- 4289 Dan Fouts
- 4233 Keelin Winslow
- 4281 Tom Smith
- 4278 Harvey Martin
- 4283 Roger Staubach
- 4262 Charlie Waters
- 4263 Randy White
- 4270 Ron Jaworski
- 4288 Steve Bartkowski
- 4246 Wallace Francis
- 4234 Joe Montana
- 4235 Dwight Clark
- 4244 Phil Simms
- 4230 Rob Carpenter
- 4224 Lawrence Taylor
- 4237 Richard Todd
- 4226 Mark Gastineau
- 4271 Wesley Walker
- 4257 Gary Danielson
- 4225 Eric Egtor
- 4250 Robert Rupp
- 4253 Ken Burroughs
- 4277 Earl Campbell
- 4296 Steve Grogan
- 4279 Ray Guy
- 4222 Marcus Allen
- 4238 Vince Ferragamo
- 4280 Pat Haden
- 4295 Jack Youngblood
- 4295 Joe Theismann
- 4270 George Rogers
- 4267 Jim Zorn
- 4296 Terry Bradshaw
- 4242 Joe Greene
- 4299 Jack Ham
- 4286 Franco Harris
- 4264 Jack Lambert
- 4231 Tommy Kramer

BASKETBALL

- 4502 Basketball Superstars
- 4548 Lewney Linsford
- 4501 Rod Carter
- 4507 Reggie Jackson
- 4543 Bob Morris
- 4544 Dale Murphy
- 4545 Phil Mooker
- 4551 Gorman Thomas
- 4554 Ralph Vincent
- 4537 Keith Hernandez

- 4542 Darrell Porter
- 4517 Bruce Sutter
- 4527 Bill Buckner
- 4559 Mike Marshall
- 4556 Steve Sax
- 4553 Gary Carter
- 4531 Jack Clark
- 4545 Joe Charbonneau
- 4516 Tom Seaver
- 4561 Mookie Wilson
- 4514 Todd Monrey
- 4502 Jim Palmer
- 4509 Steve Garvey
- 4506 Steve Carlton
- 4524 Gary Maddox
- 4547 Gary Mathews
- 4522 Pete Rose
- 4510 Mike Schmidt
- 4514 Steve Pankar
- 4532 Willie Stargell
- 4542 Satchel Ford
- 4536 Jim Sundberg
- 4533 Johnny Bench
- 4526 Jim Rice
- 4555 Jerry Remy
- 4557 Vince Wilson
- 4521 George Brett
- 4532 Jim Lofgren
- 4541 Rick Garvin
- 4538 Ron Guidry
- 4535 Roy Smalley
- 4534 Dave King
- 4525 Greg Nettles
- 4562 Willie Randolph

BASKETBALL

- 4422 Superstar Montage
- 4425 Marques Johnson
- 4444 Spike Johnson
- 4415 Austin Carr
- 4433 Larry Bird
- 4445 Rick Robey
- 4402 Ben Walton
- 4447 Dominique Wilkins
- 4437 Darrell Griffith
- 4424 Marvin Webster
- 4434 Magic Johnson
- 4418 Jemal Wilkes
- 4445 Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

- 4440 Mark Aguirre
- 4442 Buck Williams
- 4436 Danny Dawkins
- 4435 Isaac Thomas
- 4401 Julius Erving
- 4409 Moses Malone
- 4431 Jack Sikma
- 4441 Gus Williams
- 4480 George Gervin
- 4468 Ann Satterton
- 4413 Arvin Adams
- 4432 Dennis Johnson
- 4427 Mychal Thompson

BOXING

- 4114 John McEnroe
- 4101 Bjorn Borg
- 4100 Jimmy Connors
- 4102 Iva Nastase
- 4110 Vitas Gerulaitis
- 4112 Guillermo Vilas
- 4115 Martina Navratilova
- 4108 Rusa Garsis
- 4113 Virginia Wade
- 4111 Betsy King
- 4106 Evonne Cawley

BOXING

- 4001 Sugar Ray Leonard

HOCKEY

- 7205 Wayne Gretzky

U.S. SKI TEAM

- 5201 Cindy Nelson
- 5204 Chaglin Cooper
- 5205 Bill Koch
- 5208 Phil Mahre
- 5209 Steve Nordin

GOLF

- 4801 Hale Irwin
- 4802 Jack Nicklaus
- 4803 Jack Nicklaus
- 4804 Nancy Lopez

BOWLING

- 2100 Tommy Hudson
- 2101 Dick Weber
- 2102 Earl Anthony
- 2103 Mark Roth
- 2104 Virginia Norton

BOY BUILDING

- 6501 Ty Youngs

Yes! Send me the posters indicated at \$3.95 each—or money saving 3 for \$10 (and only \$3 for each additional poster thereafter)—plus \$1 per order for postage and handling.

1 enclosure \$_____ for _____ posters

Plus \$ 1.00 for postage and handling

Total \$_____ (Missouri residents add 4.5% sales tax.)

☐ Check or ☐ Money order

Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Account # _____

Exp. date _____

Name _____ (Please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Cut out coupon, mark choices
and mail today to:

Sports Illustrated

Marketzone, Lockbox 2057, Hampton Bank, 4301 Hampton Ave., St. Louis, MO 63109

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.
(Only no foreign orders accepted.)
Postmaster: Please send no return address.
Sports Illustrated is a trademark of Time Inc.



Nothing brightens up an audience like a star from the world of sport. And the Sports Illustrated Speakers Bureau has 2000 of them ready to sparkle at sales meetings, award dinners, conventions, store openings or wherever else the color and excitement of sports can help you shine.

For more information contact Keith Morris, Director, SI Athletes Service Program and Speakers Bureau, Time & Life Bldg., New York, N.Y. 10020. (212) 841-3338-9



Sports Illustrated
Speakers Bureau

A Business Products
& Services ➡

a special free service for Sports Illustrated readers

The advertisers listed on the page facing this column would like to send you information about their products and services. Check the box beside any advertiser which interests you fill in the information on the card and send it to us.

Sports Illustrated will forward only fully completed requests from qualified respondents. There is no charge for this service.

B Consumer Products
& Services ➡

A Sports Illustrated BUSINESS PRODUCTS & SERVICES

9/19/83

Please furnish me information from the companies I have checked below. There is no charge for this information. Offer expires 11/18/83.

1. BROTHER
2. EMERY WORLDWIDE
3. HYATT
4. 3M
5. MINOLTA COPIERS
6. PITNEY BOWES
7. THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
8. XEROX

Name _____
 Company _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State/Province _____ Zip _____

- TITLE: ☐ Sales ☐ Other
☐ Pres./Owner/Partner ☐ Other
☐ Other Company Officer
 NUMBER OF EMPLOYEES:
☐ 99 or less ☐ 100 to 499 ☐ 500 or more
☐ Manager/Dept. Head
☐ Professional (M.D., Lawyer, etc.)
☐ Teacher

A-2

A Sports Illustrated BUSINESS PRODUCTS & SERVICES

9/19/83

Please furnish me information from the companies I have checked below. There is no charge for this information. Offer expires 11/18/83.

1. BROTHER
2. EMERY WORLDWIDE
3. HYATT
4. 3M
5. MINOLTA COPIERS
6. PITNEY BOWES
7. THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
8. XEROX

Name _____
 Company _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State/Province _____ Zip _____

- TITLE: ☐ Sales ☐ Other
☐ Pres./Owner/Partner ☐ Other
☐ Other Company Officer
 NUMBER OF EMPLOYEES:
☐ 99 or less ☐ 100 to 499 ☐ 500 or more
☐ Manager/Dept. Head
☐ Professional (M.D., Lawyer, etc.)
☐ Teacher

A-1

B Sports Illustrated CONSUMER PRODUCTS & SERVICES

9/19/83

Please furnish me information from the companies I have checked below. There is no charge for this information. Offer expires 11/18/83.

1. ALLEN EDMONDS SHOES
2. AVIS RENT A CAR INC.
3. BAHAMAS MINISTRY OF TOURISM
4. L. L. BEAN INC.
5. BERMUDA
6. FORD EXTENDED SERVICE PLAN
7. IOS
8. INERTIA DYNAMICS
9. MINOLTA CAMERAS
10. OLYMPUS
11. PONTIAC
12. PRINCE
13. RCA VIDEO DISC SYSTEM
14. ROLEX
15. RUMS OF PUERTO RICO
16. SCHRAGE CUTLERY
17. SOLOFLEX
18. SONY

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State/Province _____ Zip _____

B-2

B Sports Illustrated CONSUMER PRODUCTS & SERVICES

9/19/83

Please furnish me information from the companies I have checked below. There is no charge for this information. Offer expires 11/18/83.

1. ALLEN EDMONDS SHOES
2. AVIS RENT A CAR INC.
3. BAHAMAS MINISTRY OF TOURISM
4. L. L. BEAN INC.
5. BERMUDA
6. FORD EXTENDED SERVICE PLAN
7. IOS
8. INERTIA DYNAMICS
9. MINOLTA CAMERAS
10. OLYMPUS
11. PONTIAC
12. PRINCE
13. RCA VIDEO DISC SYSTEM
14. ROLEX
15. RUMS OF PUERTO RICO
16. SCHRAGE CUTLERY
17. SOLOFLEX
18. SONY

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State/Province _____ Zip _____

B-1

**BUSINESS REPLY CARD**

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO 27348 PHILADELPHIA, PA

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

Sports IllustratedP.O. BOX 8548
PHILADELPHIA, PA 19101**BUSINESS REPLY CARD**

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO 27348 PHILADELPHIA, PA

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

Sports IllustratedP.O. BOX 8548
PHILADELPHIA, PA 19101NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATESNO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES**BUSINESS REPLY CARD**

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO 27348 PHILADELPHIA, PA

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

Sports IllustratedP.O. BOX 8548
PHILADELPHIA, PA 19101**BUSINESS REPLY CARD**

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO 27348 PHILADELPHIA, PA

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

Sports IllustratedP.O. BOX 8548
PHILADELPHIA, PA 19101NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATESNO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 5-11

Compiled by LISA TWYMAN

BOKING—AARON PRYOR retained his WBA junior welterweight title with a 10th-round knockout of Alexis Arguello in Las Vegas (page 32).

LARRY HOLMES successfully defended his WBC heavyweight title for the 10th time when his bout in Atlantic City with Scott Frank was stopped with a 12th fall in the fifth round.

JEFF CHANDLER knocked Ezzio Mason down five times to win his fight in the 10th round and retain his WBA bantamweight title in Tokyo.

PRO FOOTBALL—Denver rookie John Elway was named one for the second week by veteran Quarterback Steve Deberg, who scored on a two-yard run with 29 seconds remaining to beat Buffalo 17-10. Elway now has completed only 10 of 29 pass games and he left his first game with an elbow injury and three of the four games with a sore shoulder. Without Elway, Denver is completely underdog as is Miami, which beat New England 34-24 and the Raiders, who defeated Houston 20-6. Both lost ground. 2. Rushing was the key in Seattle 11-11 and Pittsburgh 11-11 wins. The Seahawks upended the Jets 17-10. For the seventh time in seven meetings, largely because of rookie Colt Warner's 126 yards rushing and the Steelers' Frank Rost's 100-yard punt, the 100-yard mark for the 4th was won with 118 as a 25-21 defeat of Green Bay. He also became the sixth NFL rookie to gain 11,000 or more career yards. The Packers and Jets both lost to 1-1 on the season. Chicago 31-11 overpowered winless Tampa Bay 17-10 when Terry Schmidt intercepted a Joey Galloway pass and returned it 12 yards for a TD. The Jets didn't fare well, the Bengals dropped to 0-2 with a 16-6 loss to Buffalo, and the Lions couldn't handle the Colts, who forced four turnovers in a 34-10 win, a 31-28 Cleveland victory. And with the exception of the Seahawks, neither did the loss. The Giants' Al Ray-Smith beat the Falcons 16-13 in overtime with a 30-yard field goal, while Dallas remained unbeaten by narrowly beating the Cardinals 34-31. The Cowboys trailed early in that game, by a 10-0 count, as they did 27-21, as did Monday night's 31-20 win over Washington. With Danny White throwing for three touchdowns, Dallas scored 28 straight second-half points. Washington accepted that loss with a 23-13 victory over Philadelphia (page 47), and San Francisco 49ers showed its Super Bowl form of the recent past in a 48-17 Thursday night massacre of Minnesota.

GOLF—MARK LYNE came from eight strokes back in the final round to win his \$150,000 PGA event in Sunon, Mass. He shot an 11-under-par 273 to beat John Manfredi, Eric Thorge and Sammy Natchez by a stroke.

JOYANE CARNEIR beat Charlotte Montgomery in the first playoff hole to win a \$150,000 LPGA event in Portland, Ore. Both finished regulation play with a four-under-par score of 212.

Reserve LAL RUTHERFORD won her first LPGA tournament, the \$50,000 Kraft's Curry Golf Classic, in Springfield, Ill., beating Judy Lavoie in the first hole of sudden death. Both finished regulation play at six-under-par 210.

HORSE RACING—WORLD APPEAL, 1524 80, American Standardbred, beat Hyperborean by 2 1/2 lengths to win the \$225,000 Pegasus Handicap at the Meadowlands. The 3-year-old colt ran the 1 1/4 miles in 1:48 1/2.

ON A BIRD—1529 80, ridden by Steve Harris, beat Mr. Napowder by a nose to win the \$2.5 million million-dollar Futurity, or Bankers' Bowl. The 2-year-old colt ran the 1 1/4 miles in 2:20 1/2 seconds.

MOTOR SPORTS—NELSON PILETT in a Buick Sedan, and Royce McQuay in a Ferrari, by 1 1/2 seconds in their Grand Prix of Italy. Pilet averaged 134.8 mph around the 52 laps of the 3.6-mile Monza Autodrome circuit.

BOBBY ALLISON drove his Buick to victory in a 400-lap Grand National event in Richmond, averaging 79.38 mph around the 542-mile Fairgrounds

track, and beating Ricky Rudd, in a Chevrolet, by two seconds. Six days earlier Allison had beaten Bill Ebert in a Thunderbird, by 9.3 seconds to win the Southern 500. He averaged 125.343 for 140 laps around the 1.36-mile Darlington 1&C International Raceway oval.

SAILING—AUSTRALIA II, skippered by John Bertrand, beat Bryan's Victory II for the right to challenge Liberty for the America's Cup.

BECER—NASC Montreal upset the defending champion Cosmos 4-2 in the opening game of their quarterfinal playoff series. The Mustang, which lost all four regular-season games against the Cosmos, and had the worst record of all eight playoff clubs, shut down league-scoring leader Roberto Goizueta, who failed to score for the first time in four games. Montreal's Brian Gwynn had two goals, boosting his year's total to seven. In the other three playoff games, Western Division champion Vancouver beat Toronto 1-0 on forward Alan Taylor's goal. Golden Bay demoted itself Chicago 6-0 but before the contest's end, Stang team stormed the field in pursuit of Referee Howard Kuchel after a controversial call in the second half, and Tulsa, champion of the Southern Division, eliminated Fort Lauderdale 3-2 in double overtime and 4-1, scoring all four goals in the final nine minutes.

TENNIS—JIMMY CONNORS defeated Ivan Lendl in the final for the second straight year, 1-6, 6-3, 6-5, 6-0 to win the men's singles title at the U.S. Open at Flushing Meadows, N.Y., while MARTINA NAVRATILLOVA beat Chris Evert Lloyd 6-1, 6-3 for the women's crown. JIMMY McENROE and PETER FLEMING dispatched Fritz Buehning and Van Winans 6-3, 6-4, 6-2 in the final of the men's doubles. NAVRATILLOVA and Pam SHERIFF won the women's doubles championship with a 6-1, 6-1, 6-3 win over Candy Reynolds and Rosalyn Fairbank, and in the mixed doubles final, ELLIOT ARTH SAYER and JOHN FITZGERALD upset seeded Barbara Potter and Keith Jarrett 3-6, 6-3, 6-4 (page 24).

MILWAUKEE—TRADE II, the Calgary Flames, center GUY CHOLINARD, 26, to the St. Louis Blues for future considerations by the Philadelphia Flyers. Right Wing LUM LOUIS, 24, to the Hartford Whalers for future considerations, and by the Pittsburgh Penguins. Left Wing ANDERS HJERANSSON, 27, to the Los Angeles Kings to center KEVIN STEVENS, 18.

By the Pittsburgh Pirates: Pitcher RANDY NIEMANN, 27, to the Chicago White Sox for Outfielder MIGUEL DILONE, 28, and Pitcher MIKE MANTLAND, 21.

By the Portland Trail Blazers, forward LINTON TOWNES, 23, to the Cleveland Cavaliers for a second-round pick in the 1987 draft.

DIED—CLAUDE RICHARD YOUNG, 57, All-American 1944-46 halfback for the University of Illinois, who performed for four teams during a nine-year pro career. In his last three seasons at Baltimore, of injuries sustained in a one-car accident in Towell, Tenn. He was awarded Player of the Game in 1941. 1946 Rose Bowl after scoring two touchdowns. In the film in which 45-14 was over S.C.I.A. In 1964, he became NFL director of player relations and the first black executive hired by a major sports league. He was elected to the Pro Football Hall of Fame in 1968.

BLK ARMSTRONG, 88, University of Louisville basketball player for 25 years in the 1920s, possibly 40, who was elected to the college football Hall of Fame of prominence in the Cornell M.C. Club. Armstrong, who was known as the Rocker of the Rockers, was a 140-57 1/2 career record with five undefeated seasons.

CREDITS

Editor: Robert G. Allen, 2632-1932
 Managing Editor: Robert G. Allen, 2632-1932
 20—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 21—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 22—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 23—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 24—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 25—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 26—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 27—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 28—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 29—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 30—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 31—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 32—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 33—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 34—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 35—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 36—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 37—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 38—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 39—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 40—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 41—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 42—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 43—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 44—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 45—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 46—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 47—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 48—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 49—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 50—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 51—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 52—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 53—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 54—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 55—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 56—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 57—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 58—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 59—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 60—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 61—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 62—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 63—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 64—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 65—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 66—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 67—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 68—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 69—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 70—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 71—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 72—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 73—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 74—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 75—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 76—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 77—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 78—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 79—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 80—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 81—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 82—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 83—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 84—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 85—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 86—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 87—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 88—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 89—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 90—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 91—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 92—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 93—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 94—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 95—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 96—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 97—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 98—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 99—Chris Smith, 2632-1932
 100—Chris Smith, 2632-1932

FACES IN THE CROWD



SEAN SMITH
 (Photo: J. J. Smith)

Sean 31, a third baseman and pitcher, led the Seattle Key Little League with a record 158 batting average. He has safely in all 14 games, going 12 for 12 in the last three. He pitched the maximum three innings in every game and was named league MVP.



LISA RAYMOND
 (Photo: J. J. Smith)

Lisa 18, won her fifth consecutive 10-and-under Middle States section tennis tournament, losing only 11 of 179 games. At the Indian Springs (Pa.) Open, Lisa won her third consecutive 12-and-under championship in straight sets.



DEVIN CARPENTER
 (Photo: J. J. Smith)

Carpenter, a Memphis state freshman set a state record while winning the Tennessee high school basketball championships. Competing for Woodville High, Carpenter had 8,513 points, 48 rebound, championship, and was named league MVP.



RHPH JUDG
 (Photo: J. J. Smith)

Judd 18, won the 1986 pound division at the National Junior Weightlifting Olympics by lifting 259 pounds and holding 310 in the clean and jerk for a 569-pound total. Earlier he won state titles in wrestling, the shotput and the discus.



LAWRENCE SMITH
 (Photo: J. J. Smith)

Smith, 57, retired in August after winning his 26th district title in 11 years as head coach of the Kenosha Sporting Goods American Legion baseball team. Smith never had a losing season while achieving an .818 winning percentage.



NANCY HARRIS
 (Photo: J. J. Smith)

Harris 21, beat Julie Guehl on the third hole of sudden-death for the Minnesota women's state amateur medal play title. In the second round Harris set a women's course record at Midland Hills Country Club with a three-under-par 71.



NANCY HARRIS
 (Photo: J. J. Smith)

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE KICKOFF

Sir,

Michigan No. 1 (1983 College & Pro Football Spectacular, Sept. 1)? Surely you jest. How can a supposedly reputable group of sportswriters make such a prediction?

GERALD GUHMAN
Chicago

Sir,

If Nebraska met Michigan, I think the score would be about 45-7. Nebraska will rule the nation this year.

MARK GRUSCHLAGER
Akron

Sir,

Michigan doesn't have to worry about playing a weak team in the Rose Bowl, because to get there the Wolverines must win the Big Ten title, and Ohio State is going to do that! Go, Buckeyes!

DAVE MORGAN
Mount Clemens, Mich.

THE PLAY

Sir,

Copies of Ron Funnin's article (*The Anatomy of a Miracle*, Sept. 1) about last fall's Big Game between Cal and Stanford ought to be

framed and added to the growing collection of miracle-finish memorabilia. After reading his graphic analysis, I felt it was only a little less great than *The Play* itself. Years from now I can tell my grandchildren, with only a small twinge of guilt, that I was among the million or so who were actually there!

WILLIAM H. NICHOLAS
Littleton, Colo.

Sir,

So the University of California scored a touchdown after making five lateral passes. Gosh! Pretty soon we may invent rugby all over again.

DAVID LASTER
Berlin, N.J.

Sir,

As dedicated Stanford fans who have endured the ignominy of *The Play* for nearly a year, we feel it is time to set the record straight. John Elway was right when he characterized *The Play* as "a farce and a joke," and here's why.

Although Dwight Garner alleges that he was not downed by Stanford, the films of the game we've seen show an official signaling that Garner is down. And the final lateral,

from Mariet Ford to Kevin Moen, did in fact travel forward. A simple law of physics states that if you are moving forward with sufficient velocity, you may throw an object behind you and still have it land in front of where you threw it.

It is inexcusable that six officials in good standing with the Pac-10 could miss sufficient men on the line on the kickoff for Cal, a Cal player down and an illegal forward lateral by Cal, while miraculously calling all of the penalties on Stanford. Also inexcusable is your lack of comment about the officiating.

It is true that Cal won the game. It is also true that this sounds like sour grapes, and maybe it is. However, if people are going to talk about this play until 2082, they should know that Joe Kapp is wrong. Sometimes a game is over after 59 minutes and 56 seconds—unless, that is, it degenerates into a farce and a joke.

DAVE GANFREL
RUBENBERGER
Palo Alto, Calif.

Sir,

When Stanford Coach Paul Wiggan is reduced to ranting at the referees about men losing their livelihood over a football play, it is a sign that we who are associated with football have lost our capacity for laughter. I played for Stanford in the 1960s. In 1982 I also coached my last season as a medium-sized high school. *The Play* had an impact on my decision to quit coaching.

What we can all learn from *The Play* is that football needs to be returned to its proper perspective. It is just a game! When this simple fact had finally sunk into my brain, I was able to resign my head coaching position with no remorse. I turned my back on a sport that even at the high school level had become a business. Win at all costs. Alumni at all levels should somehow be made to watch *The Play* repeatedly, and maybe they would realize that football is not a reflection of a school's prestige but rather a contest between young men who somehow are having a good time.

GREG A. BEALE
Redding, Calif.

JOHN MADDEN

Sir,

Sarah Pleggi's article on John Madden ("Hey, Wait a Minute! I Want to Talk," Sept. 1) is a thoroughly enjoyable portrayal of what today's pro sports world is sorely lacking: genuine, caring people who realize that fun is what sports is essentially about.

However, I do have a question: The author states that Madden "never ties his shoes." But in the pictures of the casually dressed Mad-

continued

ARMS AND THE MAN

Sir,

Your 1983 College & Pro Football Spectacular (Sept. 1) was as spectacular as I expected it to be. However, I would like to know whose body belongs to the hands on the cover of the issue.

ARI ROSENBERG
Edison, N.J.

• The hands, and arm, on the cover (below) belong to Boston College Noseguard Mike Rath (right). And the hands and arms on the Contents page of that issue belong to Rath's teammates Tailback Ken Bell and Quarterback Doug Flutie.—ED



Robert Froehlike, Chairman of the Board of The Equitable,
with the 1983 Family Tennis Challenge winners



THESE PEOPLE JUST WON A TENNIS TOURNAMENT 400 TIMES BIGGER THAN THE U.S. OPEN.

Winning the U.S. Open against a field of 500 tennis pros is tough. But winning the Equitable Family Tennis Challenge can be even tougher. This year, more than 200,000 family members competed in an amateur tournament designed to bring out the best in all of us—family togetherness and teamwork.

They played thousands of matches

in 49 states just to get to the finals played during the Open at the USTA National Tennis Center in Flushing Meadow, New York.

Equitable salutes the winners. All 200,000.



This shoe makes you feel comfortable with high technology.



Try on a pair of New Balance 770's, and you won't believe how soft they feel. But, wait—the best is yet to come.

Because when you run in a pair of 770's, you'll feel extraordinarily secure. You see, unlike other softer running

shoes, the 770 offers exceptional stability, thanks to advanced features like an exclusive Fethalite "horseshoe" incorporated into the midsole.

The New Balance 770. If running is highly important to you, you'll find it very comforting.

B
new balance
770



Available in a variety of widths for a more perfect fit

New Balance Inc., Boston, MA 02134

HAVE YOUR BASEBALL FANTASIES FULFILLED

Play ball with us! Baseball, Softball, Gamers of the 10's, 80's and 70's in Tampa, AZ and St. Petersburg, FL. One week \$2,500. Most Games \$2,500. Includes airfare, accommodations and more.

Contact
GREAT AMERICAN SPORTS CAMPS
415-625-4721 • 212-625-4721

FROM SKINNY TO WINNER

If you're too skinny due to poor eating habits, let Wate-On start shaping you in a winning body today. Wate-On and extra strong Super Wate-On have no ingredients known to restrict their use such as weight reducing chemicals, essential vitamins, regulated nutrients, extra energy, or harmful fat. As fast as your report, gains of 5-10-15 pounds and more. Note: On many weeks, 14 days, 30 days, 60 days, 90 days, 120 days, 150 days, 180 days, 210 days, 240 days, 270 days, 300 days, 330 days, 360 days, 390 days, 420 days, 450 days, 480 days, 510 days, 540 days, 570 days, 600 days, 630 days, 660 days, 690 days, 720 days, 750 days, 780 days, 810 days, 840 days, 870 days, 900 days, 930 days, 960 days, 990 days, 1020 days, 1050 days, 1080 days, 1110 days, 1140 days, 1170 days, 1200 days, 1230 days, 1260 days, 1290 days, 1320 days, 1350 days, 1380 days, 1410 days, 1440 days, 1470 days, 1500 days, 1530 days, 1560 days, 1590 days, 1620 days, 1650 days, 1680 days, 1710 days, 1740 days, 1770 days, 1800 days, 1830 days, 1860 days, 1890 days, 1920 days, 1950 days, 1980 days, 2010 days, 2040 days, 2070 days, 2100 days, 2130 days, 2160 days, 2190 days, 2220 days, 2250 days, 2280 days, 2310 days, 2340 days, 2370 days, 2400 days, 2430 days, 2460 days, 2490 days, 2520 days, 2550 days, 2580 days, 2610 days, 2640 days, 2670 days, 2700 days, 2730 days, 2760 days, 2790 days, 2820 days, 2850 days, 2880 days, 2910 days, 2940 days, 2970 days, 3000 days, 3030 days, 3060 days, 3090 days, 3120 days, 3150 days, 3180 days, 3210 days, 3240 days, 3270 days, 3300 days, 3330 days, 3360 days, 3390 days, 3420 days, 3450 days, 3480 days, 3510 days, 3540 days, 3570 days, 3600 days, 3630 days, 3660 days, 3690 days, 3720 days, 3750 days, 3780 days, 3810 days, 3840 days, 3870 days, 3900 days, 3930 days, 3960 days, 3990 days, 4020 days, 4050 days, 4080 days, 4110 days, 4140 days, 4170 days, 4200 days, 4230 days, 4260 days, 4290 days, 4320 days, 4350 days, 4380 days, 4410 days, 4440 days, 4470 days, 4500 days, 4530 days, 4560 days, 4590 days, 4620 days, 4650 days, 4680 days, 4710 days, 4740 days, 4770 days, 4800 days, 4830 days, 4860 days, 4890 days, 4920 days, 4950 days, 4980 days, 5010 days, 5040 days, 5070 days, 5100 days, 5130 days, 5160 days, 5190 days, 5220 days, 5250 days, 5280 days, 5310 days, 5340 days, 5370 days, 5400 days, 5430 days, 5460 days, 5490 days, 5520 days, 5550 days, 5580 days, 5610 days, 5640 days, 5670 days, 5700 days, 5730 days, 5760 days, 5790 days, 5820 days, 5850 days, 5880 days, 5910 days, 5940 days, 5970 days, 6000 days, 6030 days, 6060 days, 6090 days, 6120 days, 6150 days, 6180 days, 6210 days, 6240 days, 6270 days, 6300 days, 6330 days, 6360 days, 6390 days, 6420 days, 6450 days, 6480 days, 6510 days, 6540 days, 6570 days, 6600 days, 6630 days, 6660 days, 6690 days, 6720 days, 6750 days, 6780 days, 6810 days, 6840 days, 6870 days, 6900 days, 6930 days, 6960 days, 6990 days, 7020 days, 7050 days, 7080 days, 7110 days, 7140 days, 7170 days, 7200 days, 7230 days, 7260 days, 7290 days, 7320 days, 7350 days, 7380 days, 7410 days, 7440 days, 7470 days, 7500 days, 7530 days, 7560 days, 7590 days, 7620 days, 7650 days, 7680 days, 7710 days, 7740 days, 7770 days, 7800 days, 7830 days, 7860 days, 7890 days, 7920 days, 7950 days, 7980 days, 8010 days, 8040 days, 8070 days, 8100 days, 8130 days, 8160 days, 8190 days, 8220 days, 8250 days, 8280 days, 8310 days, 8340 days, 8370 days, 8400 days, 8430 days, 8460 days, 8490 days, 8520 days, 8550 days, 8580 days, 8610 days, 8640 days, 8670 days, 8700 days, 8730 days, 8760 days, 8790 days, 8820 days, 8850 days, 8880 days, 8910 days, 8940 days, 8970 days, 9000 days, 9030 days, 9060 days, 9090 days, 9120 days, 9150 days, 9180 days, 9210 days, 9240 days, 9270 days, 9300 days, 9330 days, 9360 days, 9390 days, 9420 days, 9450 days, 9480 days, 9510 days, 9540 days, 9570 days, 9600 days, 9630 days, 9660 days, 9690 days, 9720 days, 9750 days, 9780 days, 9810 days, 9840 days, 9870 days, 9900 days, 9930 days, 9960 days, 9990 days, 10020 days, 10050 days, 10080 days, 10110 days, 10140 days, 10170 days, 10200 days, 10230 days, 10260 days, 10290 days, 10320 days, 10350 days, 10380 days, 10410 days, 10440 days, 10470 days, 10500 days, 10530 days, 10560 days, 10590 days, 10620 days, 10650 days, 10680 days, 10710 days, 10740 days, 10770 days, 10800 days, 10830 days, 10860 days, 10890 days, 10920 days, 10950 days, 10980 days, 11010 days, 11040 days, 11070 days, 11100 days, 11130 days, 11160 days, 11190 days, 11220 days, 11250 days, 11280 days, 11310 days, 11340 days, 11370 days, 11400 days, 11430 days, 11460 days, 11490 days, 11520 days, 11550 days, 11580 days, 11610 days, 11640 days, 11670 days, 11700 days, 11730 days, 11760 days, 11790 days, 11820 days, 11850 days, 11880 days, 11910 days, 11940 days, 11970 days, 12000 days, 12030 days, 12060 days, 12090 days, 12120 days, 12150 days, 12180 days, 12210 days, 12240 days, 12270 days, 12300 days, 12330 days, 12360 days, 12390 days, 12420 days, 12450 days, 12480 days, 12510 days, 12540 days, 12570 days, 12600 days, 12630 days, 12660 days, 12690 days, 12720 days, 12750 days, 12780 days, 12810 days, 12840 days, 12870 days, 12900 days, 12930 days, 12960 days, 12990 days, 13020 days, 13050 days, 13080 days, 13110 days, 13140 days, 13170 days, 13200 days, 13230 days, 13260 days, 13290 days, 13320 days, 13350 days, 13380 days, 13410 days, 13440 days, 13470 days, 13500 days, 13530 days, 13560 days, 13590 days, 13620 days, 13650 days, 13680 days, 13710 days, 13740 days, 13770 days, 13800 days, 13830 days, 13860 days, 13890 days, 13920 days, 13950 days, 13980 days, 14010 days, 14040 days, 14070 days, 14100 days, 14130 days, 14160 days, 14190 days, 14220 days, 14250 days, 14280 days, 14310 days, 14340 days, 14370 days, 14400 days, 14430 days, 14460 days, 14490 days, 14520 days, 14550 days, 14580 days, 14610 days, 14640 days, 14670 days, 14700 days, 14730 days, 14760 days, 14790 days, 14820 days, 14850 days, 14880 days, 14910 days, 14940 days, 14970 days, 15000 days, 15030 days, 15060 days, 15090 days, 15120 days, 15150 days, 15180 days, 15210 days, 15240 days, 15270 days, 15300 days, 15330 days, 15360 days, 15390 days, 15420 days, 15450 days, 15480 days, 15510 days, 15540 days, 15570 days, 15600 days, 15630 days, 15660 days, 15690 days, 15720 days, 15750 days, 15780 days, 15810 days, 15840 days, 15870 days, 15900 days, 15930 days, 15960 days, 15990 days, 16020 days, 16050 days, 16080 days, 16110 days, 16140 days, 16170 days, 16200 days, 16230 days, 16260 days, 16290 days, 16320 days, 16350 days, 16380 days, 16410 days, 16440 days, 16470 days, 16500 days, 16530 days, 16560 days, 16590 days, 16620 days, 16650 days, 16680 days, 16710 days, 16740 days, 16770 days, 16800 days, 16830 days, 16860 days, 16890 days, 16920 days, 16950 days, 16980 days, 17010 days, 17040 days, 17070 days, 17100 days, 17130 days, 17160 days, 17190 days, 17220 days, 17250 days, 17280 days, 17310 days, 17340 days, 17370 days, 17400 days, 17430 days, 17460 days, 17490 days, 17520 days, 17550 days, 17580 days, 17610 days, 17640 days, 17670 days, 17700 days, 17730 days, 17760 days, 17790 days, 17820 days, 17850 days, 17880 days, 17910 days, 17940 days, 17970 days, 18000 days, 18030 days, 18060 days, 18090 days, 18120 days, 18150 days, 18180 days, 18210 days, 18240 days, 18270 days, 18300 days, 18330 days, 18360 days, 18390 days, 18420 days, 18450 days, 18480 days, 18510 days, 18540 days, 18570 days, 18600 days, 18630 days, 18660 days, 18690 days, 18720 days, 18750 days, 18780 days, 18810 days, 18840 days, 18870 days, 18900 days, 18930 days, 18960 days, 18990 days, 19020 days, 19050 days, 19080 days, 19110 days, 19140 days, 19170 days, 19200 days, 19230 days, 19260 days, 19290 days, 19320 days, 19350 days, 19380 days, 19410 days, 19440 days, 19470 days, 19500 days, 19530 days, 19560 days, 19590 days, 19620 days, 19650 days, 19680 days, 19710 days, 19740 days, 19770 days, 19800 days, 19830 days, 19860 days, 19890 days, 19920 days, 19950 days, 19980 days, 20010 days, 20040 days, 20070 days, 20100 days, 20130 days, 20160 days, 20190 days, 20220 days, 20250 days, 20280 days, 20310 days, 20340 days, 20370 days, 20400 days, 20430 days, 20460 days, 20490 days, 20520 days, 20550 days, 20580 days, 20610 days, 20640 days, 20670 days, 20700 days, 20730 days, 20760 days, 20790 days, 20820 days, 20850 days, 20880 days, 20910 days, 20940 days, 20970 days, 21000 days, 21030 days, 21060 days, 21090 days, 21120 days, 21150 days, 21180 days, 21210 days, 21240 days, 21270 days, 21300 days, 21330 days, 21360 days, 21390 days, 21420 days, 21450 days, 21480 days, 21510 days, 21540 days, 21570 days, 21600 days, 21630 days, 21660 days, 21690 days, 21720 days, 21750 days, 21780 days, 21810 days, 21840 days, 21870 days, 21900 days, 21930 days, 21960 days, 21990 days, 22020 days, 22050 days, 22080 days, 22110 days, 22140 days, 22170 days, 22200 days, 22230 days, 22260 days, 22290 days, 22320 days, 22350 days, 22380 days, 22410 days, 22440 days, 22470 days, 22500 days, 22530 days, 22560 days, 22590 days, 22620 days, 22650 days, 22680 days, 22710 days, 22740 days, 22770 days, 22800 days, 22830 days, 22860 days, 22890 days, 22920 days, 22950 days, 22980 days, 23010 days, 23040 days, 23070 days, 23100 days, 23130 days, 23160 days, 23190 days, 23220 days, 23250 days, 23280 days, 23310 days, 23340 days, 23370 days, 23400 days, 23430 days, 23460 days, 23490 days, 23520 days, 23550 days, 23580 days, 23610 days, 23640 days, 23670 days, 23700 days, 23730 days, 23760 days, 23790 days, 23820 days, 23850 days, 23880 days, 23910 days, 23940 days, 23970 days, 24000 days, 24030 days, 24060 days, 24090 days, 24120 days, 24150 days, 24180 days, 24210 days, 24240 days, 24270 days, 24300 days, 24330 days, 24360 days, 24390 days, 24420 days, 24450 days, 24480 days, 24510 days, 24540 days, 24570 days, 24600 days, 24630 days, 24660 days, 24690 days, 24720 days, 24750 days, 24780 days, 24810 days, 24840 days, 24870 days, 24900 days, 24930 days, 24960 days, 24990 days, 25020 days, 25050 days, 25080 days, 25110 days, 25140 days, 25170 days, 25200 days, 25230 days, 25260 days, 25290 days, 25320 days, 25350 days, 25380 days, 25410 days, 25440 days, 25470 days, 25500 days, 25530 days, 25560 days, 25590 days, 25620 days, 25650 days, 25680 days, 25710 days, 25740 days, 25770 days, 25800 days, 25830 days, 25860 days, 25890 days, 25920 days, 25950 days, 25980 days, 26010 days, 26040 days, 26070 days, 26100 days, 26130 days, 26160 days, 26190 days, 26220 days, 26250 days, 26280 days, 26310 days, 26340 days, 26370 days, 26400 days, 26430 days, 26460 days, 26490 days, 26520 days, 26550 days, 26580 days, 26610 days, 26640 days, 26670 days, 26700 days, 26730 days, 26760 days, 26790 days, 26820 days, 26850 days, 26880 days, 26910 days, 26940 days, 26970 days, 27000 days, 27030 days, 27060 days, 27090 days, 27120 days, 27150 days, 27180 days, 27210 days, 27240 days, 27270 days, 27300 days, 27330 days, 27360 days, 27390 days, 27420 days, 27450 days, 27480 days, 27510 days, 27540 days, 27570 days, 27600 days, 27630 days, 27660 days, 27690 days, 27720 days, 27750 days, 27780 days, 27810 days, 27840 days, 27870 days, 27900 days, 27930 days, 27960 days, 27990 days, 28020 days, 28050 days, 28080 days, 28110 days, 28140 days, 28170 days, 28200 days, 28230 days, 28260 days, 28290 days, 28320 days, 28350 days, 28380 days, 28410 days, 28440 days, 28470 days, 28500 days, 28530 days, 28560 days, 28590 days, 28620 days, 28650 days, 28680 days, 28710 days, 28740 days, 28770 days, 28800 days, 28830 days, 28860 days, 28890 days, 28920 days, 28950 days, 28980 days, 29010 days, 29040 days, 29070 days, 29100 days, 29130 days, 29160 days, 29190 days, 29220 days, 29250 days, 29280 days, 29310 days, 29340 days, 29370 days, 29400 days, 29430 days, 29460 days, 29490 days, 29520 days, 29550 days, 29580 days, 29610 days, 29640 days, 29670 days, 29700 days, 29730 days, 29760 days, 29790 days, 29820 days, 29850 days, 29880 days, 29910 days, 29940 days, 29970 days, 30000 days, 30030 days, 30060 days, 30090 days, 30120 days, 30150 days, 30180 days, 30210 days, 30240 days, 30270 days, 30300 days, 30330 days, 30360 days, 30390 days, 30420 days, 30450 days, 30480 days, 30510 days, 30540 days, 30570 days, 30600 days, 30630 days, 30660 days, 30690 days, 30720 days, 30750 days, 30780 days, 30810 days, 30840 days, 30870 days, 30900 days, 30930 days, 30960 days, 30990 days, 31020 days, 31050 days, 31080 days, 31110 days, 31140 days, 31170 days, 31200 days, 31230 days, 31260 days, 31290 days, 31320 days, 31350 days, 31380 days, 31410 days, 31440 days, 31470 days, 31500 days, 31530 days, 31560 days, 31590 days, 31620 days, 31650 days, 31680 days, 31710 days, 31740 days, 31770 days, 31800 days, 31830 days, 31860 days, 31890 days, 31920 days, 31950 days, 31980 days, 32010 days, 32040 days, 32070 days, 32100 days, 32130 days, 32160 days, 32190 days, 32220 days, 32250 days, 32280 days, 32310 days, 32340 days, 32370 days, 32400 days, 32430 days, 32460 days, 32490 days, 32520 days, 32550 days, 32580 days, 32610 days, 32640 days, 32670 days, 32700 days, 32730 days, 32760 days, 32790 days, 32820 days, 32850 days, 32880 days, 32910 days, 32940 days, 32970 days, 33000 days, 33030 days, 33060 days, 33090 days, 33120 days, 33150 days, 33180 days, 33210 days, 33240 days, 33270 days, 33300 days, 33330 days, 33360 days, 33390 days, 33420 days, 33450 days, 33480 days, 33510 days, 33540 days, 33570 days, 33600 days, 33630 days, 33660 days, 33690 days, 33720 days, 33750 days, 33780 days, 33810 days, 33840 days, 33870 days, 33900 days, 33930 days, 33960 days, 33990 days, 34020 days, 34050 days, 34080 days, 34110 days, 34140 days, 34170 days, 34200 days, 34230 days, 34260 days, 34290 days, 34320 days, 34350 days, 34380 days, 34410 days, 34440 days, 34470 days, 34500 days, 34530 days, 34560 days, 34590 days, 34620 days, 34650 days, 34680 days, 34710 days, 34740 days, 34770 days, 34800 days, 34830 days, 34860 days, 34890 days, 34920 days, 34950 days, 34980 days, 35010 days, 35040 days, 35070 days, 35100 days, 35130 days, 35160 days, 35190 days, 35220 days, 35250 days, 35280 days, 35310 days, 35340 days, 35370 days, 35400 days, 35430 days, 35460 days, 35490 days, 35520 days, 35550 days, 35580 days, 35610 days, 35640 days, 35670 days, 35700 days, 35730 days, 35760 days, 35790 days, 35820 days, 35850 days, 35880 days, 35910 days, 35940 days, 35970 days, 36000 days, 36030 days, 36060 days, 36090 days, 36120 days, 36150 days, 36180 days, 36210 days, 36240 days, 36270 days, 36300 days, 36330 days, 36360 days, 36390 days, 36420 days, 36450 days, 36480 days, 36510 days, 36540 days, 36570 days, 36600 days, 36630 days, 36660 days, 36690 days, 36720 days, 36750 days, 36780 days, 36810 days, 36840 days, 36870 days, 36900 days, 36930 days, 36960 days, 36990 days, 37020 days, 37050 days, 37080 days, 37110 days, 37140 days, 37170 days, 37200 days, 37230 days, 37260 days, 37290 days, 37320 days, 37350 days, 37380 days, 37410 days, 37440 days, 37470 days, 37500 days, 37530 days, 37560 days, 37590 days, 37620 days, 37650 days, 37680 days, 37710 days, 37740 days, 37770 days, 37800 days, 37830 days, 37860 days, 37890 days, 37920 days, 37950 days, 37980 days, 38010 days, 38040 days, 38070 days, 38100 days, 38130 days, 38160 days, 38190 days, 38220 days, 38250 days, 38280 days, 38310 days, 38340 days, 38370 days, 38400 days, 38430 days, 38460 days, 38490 days, 38520 days, 38550 days, 38580 days, 38610 days, 38640 days, 38670 days, 38700 days, 38730 days, 38760 days, 38790 days, 38820 days, 38850 days, 38880 days, 38910 days, 38940 days, 38970 days, 39000 days, 39030 days, 39060 days, 39090 days, 39120 days, 39150 days, 39180 days, 39210 days, 39240 days, 39270 days, 39300 days, 39330 days, 39360 days, 39390 days, 39420 days, 39450 days, 39480 days, 39510 days, 39540 days, 39570 days, 39600 days, 39630 days, 39660 days, 39690 days, 39720 days, 39750 days, 39780 days, 39810 days, 39840 days, 39870 days, 39900 days, 39930 days, 39960 days, 39990 days, 40020 days, 40050 days, 40080 days, 40110 days, 40140 days, 40170 days, 40200 days, 40230 days, 40260 days, 40290 days, 40320 days, 40350 days, 40380 days, 40410 days, 40440 days, 40470 days, 40500 days, 40530 days, 40560 days, 40590 days, 40620 days, 40650 days, 40680 days, 40710 days, 40740 days, 40770 days, 40800 days, 40830 days, 40860 days, 40890 days, 40920 days, 40950 days, 40980 days, 41010 days, 41040 days, 41070 days, 41100 days, 41130 days, 41160 days, 41190 days, 41220 days, 41250 days, 41280 days, 41310 days, 41340 days, 41370 days, 41400 days, 41430 days, 41460 days, 41490 days, 41520 days, 41550 days, 41580 days, 41610 days, 41640 days, 41670 days, 41700 days, 41730 days, 41760 days, 41790 days, 41820 days, 41850 days, 41880 days, 41910 days, 41940 days, 41970 days, 42000 days, 42030 days, 42060 days, 42090 days, 42120 days, 42150 days, 42180 days, 42210 days, 42240 days, 42270 days, 42300 days, 42330 days, 42360 days, 42390 days, 42420 days, 42450 days, 42480 days, 42510 days, 42540 days, 42570 days, 42600 days, 42630 days, 42660 days, 42690 days, 42720 days, 42750 days, 42780 days, 42810 days, 42840 days, 42870 days, 42900 days, 42930 days, 42960 days, 42990 days, 43020 days, 43050 days, 43080 days, 43110 days, 43140 days, 43170 days, 43200 days, 43230 days, 43260 days, 43290 days, 43320 days, 43350 days, 43380 days, 43410 days, 43440 days, 43470 days, 43500 days, 43530 days, 43560 days, 43590 days, 43620 days, 43650 days, 43680 days, 43710 days, 43740 days, 43770 days, 43800 days, 43830 days, 43860 days, 43890 days, 43920 days, 43950 days, 43980 days, 44010 days, 44040 days, 44070 days, 44100 days, 44130 days, 44160 days, 44190 days, 44220 days, 44250 days, 4428

IS IT POSSIBLE FOR SOMEONE WITH 3 KIDS, A MORTGAGE AND HEFTY ORTHODONTIA BILLS TO DRIVE A CAR HE ACTUALLY LIKES?



Congratulations. Here you are, an adult in contemporary America, with a full complement of domestic responsibilities.

And some years from now (after you've put the kids through college and after you've passed through much of your middle-age crisis) you figure you will be in a position to finally afford a car that will bring back the joys of driving you remember fondly from the days when you were irresponsibly single.

Except there is no reason for you to wait. Just by coincidence, there is a car with exceptional performance and handling that can liberate a person from the tedium of driving a boring car; the Saab 900.

Saabs start at about \$11,000 which should be quite compatible with most commitments to real property, child rearing, and the correction of varying degrees of overbite.

So if you're concerned that you may grow old before you realize your ambition and that inflation and the necessities of family life have put you out of the car you want, take heart. They may well have put you right into a Saab.

Saabs range in price from \$10,750 for the 900 3-door, 5-speed to \$16,910 for the 900 4-door, 5-speed APC Turbo. Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options.

SAAB

The most intelligent car ever built.

It's not whether
you win or lose...
it's how you
end the game.



Canadian Club
"The Best In The House"

40 & 50 Proof Blended Canadian Whisky. Imported by James W. Walker Importers Inc., Detroit, Mich. © 1992